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LONDON MAGAZINE.

No. X.—January, 1829.

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THE SILK QUESTION.

We are disposed to make every allowance for persons who imagine, however erroneously, that their interests are suffering from any particular measures that may be adopted with reference to them; and if their pertinacity in the defence of what they conceive to be a vital object be often carried far beyond the point of sober reasoning, we are inclined to overlook the ridicule that may justly apply to all querulousness founded upon prejudice and blind self-love. But the pertinacity of the party fancying himself aggrieved, and the patience of the other party that is doomed to hear assertions that have been successfully controverted as often as they have been put forth, must, like every thing else, have their limits. The patience of the patient man of old, had silk-weavers struggling for a monopoly been in fashion in his days, would have been worn out. However, we are compelled again to "slay the slain;" which we will do as concisely as the subject will admit of.

The restrictionists of the silk trade have for some time had their guerillas in motion carrying on a desultory warfare, which we now understand is to be turned into a regular campaign, and their grievances brought up in array to frighten the Cabinet and the Parliament. At present the light troops are only in array, and with them we will deal as summarily as may be. We would have waited till all the forces were in the field, but we do not choose that even a beaten enemy should steal a march upon us. We understand that a great effort is to be made during the next Session of Parliament in order to show that the new commercial code will destroy the silk manufacture, and that it must be immediately abandoned; that all the leading places connected with it are under the severest depression; and nothing short of prohibition-protection will not do-will restore this trade to its former prosperity. The decrease of spindles at work, and the increase of poor-rates, are calculated with arithmetical nicety; and the year 1824, a period of the wildest speculations and, we may add, the most dishonest adventures, (in which many persons connected JANUARY, 1829.

with the silk trade led the way,) and consequently one of almost unprecedented activity, is to be compared with the year 1826, a season when the result of these adventures was felt in its full force, and the most distressing embarrassment was experienced in every branch of commerce. But it is convenient to select this year, because it was the first for the operation of the new system upon the silk manufacture; and we take it for granted that those engaged in that trade are prepared to assert that it has been getting worse and worse ever since, because that unimportant part of the English community, the public, is no longer obliged to pander to the inactivity and avarice of monopolists, but is allowed to purchase under a wholesome competition. A stranger to the subject would believe, if he were now to converse with the silk-weavers, that they never complained before, and that their trade was always prosperous, subject to no vicissitudes and no jealousies. But what is the fact? Why that the inhabitants of Spitalfields

the silk-weavers, that they never complained before, and that their trade was always prosperous, subject to no vicissitudes and no jealousies. But what is the fact? Why that the inhabitants of Spitalfields more especially, when they were entrenched up to their eyes in restrictions, were always pestering the Legislature for more protection even against their fellow-subjects; and their folly at times has been carried to such an extreme upon this point that, had it been listened to, they would have lost the manufacture altogether. Restriction was their only hope; they thought of it by day and dreamt of it by night; and

were as anxious formerly to be protected against Macclesfield, as they now are against Lyons. This is at once presumptive evidence of their want of knowledge in their own affairs. But when we have positive, we need not refer to less certain testimony, in proof of the little attention that ought to be paid to the remonstrances of these complainants,

whose text is, that they cannot compete with the foreigner at the rate of duties now in existence, under the present circumstances of the country, and the condition of their trade.

Depression is always in some degree experienced between Michaelmas and Christmas in commercial affairs; and it is certainly unfortunate that no law can be framed to protect the silk-weavers and throwsters from the bad effects of two or three gloomy months. furtherance of the object to give a false impression as to the present inactivity in this department of commerce, it is stated, that, in Macclesfield and various other places, mills are untenanted in many instances, and in all that they are only partially employed. But the extension of the trade to localities that before did not partake of it, is studio sly kept out of view; and the improvement in machinery in these healities is with equal care avoided. The fact is, great improvement las taken place in many instances by active and enterprising individuals, but it has not been fairly followed up; and all inquiries upon this important subject are met by the question, is it reasonable to suppose that if improvements could take place in machinery to enable alk-weavers and throwsters to compete with foreigners, they would not be adopted?-Mr. Pitt, one night, in the House of Commons, upon being told by a country gentleman, that his ideas failed him when he endeavoured to contemplate the mischief that some measure of the government would produce, replied, "I thank God that, anidst all my arduous duties, it is not one of them to find ideas for the Honourable Gentleman opposite." We are equally grateful that having to find rational motives for the conduct of our arduous duties are not increased by that most arduous one of

prohibitionists.

The machinery for the manufacture of silk goods may not be so susceptible of improvement as that employed in the cotton fabric; but that it is susceptible of improvement to a great extent is admitted by the best authorities that we have been enabled to consult. Indeed, Mr. Badnall's 'Treatise on the Silk Trade,' which we shall presently notice more at large, (but even in this our first allusion to it, we feel bound to offer him our thanks for the perspicuity with which he has given his details, and the general information he has afforded,) states the fact clearly, and shews the improvement that has taken place, but which has not been generally adopted either by throwsters or weavers. The fact is, these dupes to their own prejudices and misconceived interests have at present only one object in view, that of throwing dust

in the eyes of the ministers.

The persons connected with the silk trade say, they cannot compete with foreigners; -and if they cannot, we say it is their own fault. But we will now inquire what this fearful competition is? The English manufacturer obtains the raw material frequently below the cost to the importer, and for the most part as cheap as the French manufacturer. The East India Company is constantly in the habit of putting up silk for sale at prices not remunerative; and the catalogue of sales at the India House shows the competition that exists amongst manufacturers to purchase. This catalogue is an open document, and therefore we will only quote two instances in the last October sale, in proof of this competition; but let the books be turned over from beginning to end, and the same will appear throughout. We have promiscuously taken Lot 8437, which was put up at 15s. and bought at 22s. 2d.—Lot 7125 was put up at 10s. and bought at 16s. 10d. We recommend a perusal of these catalogues to such parties as fancy that the silk manufacturer is ruined. An advance of 6s. 9d. in one instance, and of 7s. 1d. in the other, upon the original bidding, is some proof of anxiety to possess this raw material, for which these declaimers of Spitalfields and their coadjutors in the country would feign make us believe that there is no demand. These are not, we repeat, solitary instances; the catalogue is full of them: the competition among manufacturers to purchase the raw material is always apparent.

Again, the capital of the Frenchman is worth 6 per cent.; that of the Englishman 4 per cent. The former trades upon a small capital, the latter upon a large one, which only maintains one family, whilst the same amount in France maintains half a dozen. But then come the corn laws and the national debt, which are the Torres Vedras of the heroes of Spitalfields to retire upon whenever they are hard pressed.—Upon the corn-laws we have frequently had occasion to give our opinion, and we have never shrunk from the broadest censure of them. They are unjust, and impolitic as regards the end that they are intended to answer; but they must not be brought to bear upon a question to which they have no reference. The debt and these laws can only affect wages; and the wages of skilful manufacturers in France are

rather higher than in England. The ordinary rate of wages we admit is apparently lower in France than in England: that is, a workman of moderate skill in the former country would receive a smaller sum for his nominal labour than in the latter; but if the real labour be calculated, the English master manufacturer has the advantage, even among ordinary workmen; because the industry of the English operative, assisted by machinery, greatly surpasses that of the French. In point of fact, the master gets more good labour here than he does in France. Then again, with respect to machinery, the advantage that the Englishman possesses over his French competitor, is beyond comparison. Iron, coals, and all the ingredients that can facilitate the making of iron, are to be met with here in abundance; and orders are now actually executing in this country for the French Government for marine steam-engines, although it is most anxious to encourage the manufacture in France. The superior skill of engineers in this country is also an extraordinary assistance to the English manufacturer, in the adaptation of his machinery to the work he requires it to perform; and incessant improvement in it is the consequence of this superior skill. It was stated repeatedly in the House of Commons, in the debates relative to the exportation of machinery, not by theorists but by well-informed practical men, that such was the constant improvement going on in every branch of it in Great Britain, that there could be no danger of any evil results occurring from its exportation; inasmuch as before it could arrive at its destination and be fairly in work, further new inventions would take place here that would deprive the foreigner of that benefit that he might expect to derive from the use of British machinery. This is a pretty strong proof of the pre-eminence of this country as to her mechanical power, when in a grave parliamentary discussion this assertion was made and only met by a counter opinion, that improvement did not proceed so rapidly as the advocates for exportation insisted upon. No one doubted its existence to an immense extent; the point at issue was the pace it was proceeding at. If it were necessary, we could give plenty of cases that would prove the inefficiency of foreign engineers and mechanists. We have known them to

We have just been dealing with some of the details that belong to this question; but are there no generalities that also attach to it? Are the capital, the character, and the confidence that the British Empire is surrounded with, and that make her citizens feel a pride in, and her competitors a respect for her, as the first commercial nation in the world, of no avail in meeting rivals? Is a well-balanced Constitution that secures property, and has known no political convulsion that has materially interfered with the commercial energies of the country for nearly two centuries, nothing in the scale of advantage? Are the settled habits of industry and enterprise among all grades of society here, consequent upon this uninterrupted tranquillity, nothing? Is the rapidity of communication that we enjoy here of no value? If this

be months upon a piece of machinery, that the same number of English workmen would render perfect in as many weeks; and when it has been turned out of hand, it has been totally unfit for the use for question is to be fairly dealt with, it must be taken out of the pettifogging sphere that restrictionists would place it in. England is still rich in resources; mighty in political and commercial power; but she has difficulties of no mean order to grapple with, and it will require all

her energies to overcome them.

If the National Debt be that hydra-headed monster that the silkweavers represent it, when they are crying out for protection, it is desirable to deal with it in such a manner as will most readily reduce its influence; and is cramped or extended commerce the more likely to effect this? The principles of free trade are to be defended; first upon the facilities they afford to the extension of commerce, and secondly by rendering it more independent and equal in its operations. It has an especial tendency to provide for itself, and it is certain to find those points, and fall into the hands of those persons where it will thrive the best; accommodating itself to events, and compelling circumstances into its service, in a manner quite impossible for legislative interference ever to accomplish. We hope and believe that these principles, sanctioned as they are by the opinion of the great majority of the most enlightened and commercial nation in the world, are out of the reach of the unworthy efforts that are made to shake them; and that, like the oak of Virgil, they have shot roots as deep below as they have spread branches high above the surface.

There are two points that all the chicanery and misrepresentations of the monopolists in the silk trade will not enable them to get over. The increased deliveries of raw and thrown silks in this country, and the advance of price in the raw material, (upon Chinas, for instance,) that have taken place since the reduction of the duty on the importation of foreign wrought silks. Chinas have advanced from 15s. and 16s. per lb. to 20s. and 21s. per lb., and the consumption upon raw and thrown silks has increased 70 per cent. (We shall give some

tables in proof of this at the end of the article.)

With regard to the rise in price of some sorts of the raw material in this market, we are not aware of any particular reason being assigned by the complainants, although we have no doubt they are prepared with one quite as satisfactory as many others they have sent forth. Upon the other point, however, (the increased demand) we have a very long story told; that the silk is consigned by the Italian grower to the merchant here, who advances two-thirds of its value upon it, and that he has kept it in his warehouse, and that circumstance causes an apparent demand for raw silks, when, in fact there is none in reality; and a great deal more in the same strain. We assert, without fear of successful contradiction, that the demand has increased to the amount we have stated, and that the article is in the hands of throwsters and manufacturers for the purposes of their respective pre-The Italian merchants, for aught we know or care, may have their warehouses choked up with the raw material; arguing hypothetically, if they choose to advance money on an article coming to an overcharged market, they must take the consequences, and wait for their return until the market gets lighter. All we intend to assert is, that the real bona fide demand for raw and thrown silks has increased in this country since the reduction of the duty. In some branches of the trade there is great temporary depression, as there always has been at particular seasons; but we would ask whether at Macclesfield, at this moment, the demand for children to be employed in this ruined manufacture is not very great, -so great that it cannot be met? And we would also ask whether many of the mills that are mourned over by silk manufacturers as untenanted were ever tenanted, and whether they were not the result of the wild speculations of 1824, and not completed when the bubble burst? We will here notice the probability of a decline in the value of raw silks, by reason of the rapid increase in its production, which, within a very few years, has amounted to twenty-five per cent. in Italy. We merely allude to this now to guard the country against any false assertion that may hereafter be founded upon this fact; as the reduction of price will, in all likelihood, be attributed to a reduction of demand.

But as the English silk manufacture is ruined by reason of the comparatively low rate of duty now levied upon the importation of foreign wrought silks, it is natural to infer that French goods are constantly inquired after in this market, and that scarcely any others meet with a sile. But what is the fact? Why, that French goods are, in a great degree, without a demand in the English market; in some instances they are unsaleable, in some they are sacrificed at twothirds less than their value; and there are goods in the docks, the proprietors of which do not choose to pay the duty upon them. In Lyons, the silk operatives are in a state of great distress, and the marufacture generally under severe depression; but it is admitted on all hands that silks were never so universally worn as they have been of late, and if English goods are not purchased, foreign ones must be. The fact is, circumstances have led to an immense number of goods being made, and the manufacture of each country is under a passing cloud.

We have before alluded to Mr. Badnall's book which throws so much information upon this subject. It emanates from an individual who is thoroughly acquainted with all the details of it, which he has given with perfect clearness; and one of the best proofs of its excellence is, the soreress with which it is received by the weavers and throwsters. They have not even the address to conceal, with the most flimsy veil, their mortification at its appearance. They pronounce it to be a tissue of overcharged statements and misrepresentations. We shall be curious to see the attempt at a reply to it; and as they say that it is full

of mistatements, of course it must be answered.

Sound as is Mr. Badnall's reasoning throughout the whole of his pamphlet, there are two points particularly valuable. The one where he satisfactorily proves the advantage that would be derived from a further reduction of duty upon foreign thrown silk; and the other, where he shews the quantity of foreign thrown and raw silk upon which duty has been paid from the year 1821 to Nov. 1, 1828. The two years that are the most important to refer to are 1823 and 1827, the year preceding any alteration in the commercial code, and the one

subsequent to that in which its full operation commenced regarding the silk trade. In 1823, the duty paid was on 351,988lbs. of Organzine; on 630,886lbs. of Italian raw; on 36,079lbs. Italian waste; on 192,510lbs. of Turkey; and on 1,206,578 Bengal and China, making a total of 2,418,041lbs. In 1827, the duty paid was on 440,024lbs. Organzine; on 1,278,709lbs. Italian raw; on 129,758lbs. Italian waste; on 354,092lbs. Turkey; on 1,872,625lbs. Bengal and China; making a total of 4,088,703lbs. We had intended to have given further tables in proof of the increased consumption of raw and thrown silk since the commencement of the new system; but this we think sufficient for our present purpose: and if we should find it necessary in defence of the public interest to return to this subject on a future occasion (which we trust we shall not), and to take a wider range of argument, we shall then give the documents in question.

The proximity of the raw material to the French and Italian throwsters is an advantage that they enjoy over the English throwsters, inasmuch as the amount of waste and loss is reduced by the short distance the silk has to travel from the filanda to the throwing mill. This is clearly pointed out by Mr. Badnall, who indeed appears to lose no opportunity of shewing the disadvantages his countrymen labour under in their competition with foreigners. From all the inquiries that we have made upon the subject, it seems to us that this gentleman believes smuggling to be carried on to a greater extent than is really the case, and in the variety of his details, valuable as they are, he has passed over some general advantages that we have glanced at in this article, that are possessed by those connected with the English silk trade: several of the advantages of their competitors we think he

has overrated.

Since we have been writing, the Coventry memorial has arrived to throw a new light upon the distress of those connected with the silk trade. These memorialists explain the increased consumption in a manner that is not quite in accordance with the account given by the London complainants; which is, that the Italian houses here make advances to the manufacturer in Italy, and that in consequence of these advances the article is consigned to the London merchant who is holding it because there is no demand for it, and that such is the cause of the apparent increase. They say that doubtless there is an increased consumption of silk; but then it arises from the necessity that exists of making a heavier sort of goods, by which reason more of the raw material is consumed without any advantage to the manufacturer. They say that the French have the privilege of making the description of goods that answer their purpose the best, and they prefer manufacturing light ones as the more profitable; but these suitors for restriction forget at the same time that they enjoy the same privilege of selection, and they have chosen to make a description of goods in which the Italian thrown silk is not an ingredient. They are induced to do that because they see that the French have an advantage in those articles, and, consequently, the English have very prudently chosen that branch of trade where they are upon a par, and can make a profitable

competition with the foreign manufacturer. This acknowledgment on the part of the Coventry ribbon weavers clearly proves that there is but one article in which the English have to apprehend competition,—that where Italian thrown silk is used; and, consequently, if the duty were reduced upon it, the manufacturer of each country would be upon equal terms. Is not this policy of the English manufacturer, of selecting the goods in which he can defy competition, driving the East Indian Bandanas out of the market?

If the manufacturers are so dreadfully oppressed by this heavy sort of goods as they represent, why do they not buy their raw material at the East India House sales, at 10s. 1d. and 15s. 1d. per pound, and proportionably, according to the degrees of value of the different descriptions, instead of running them up by competition to an advance on these prices of 6s. and 7s. per pound. Notwithstanding the lamentations of the Coventry memorialists over their ruined manufacture, the ribbon trade has extended itself more than any other branch of the silk manufacture.

We shall conclude this article with a few extracts from Mr. Charles Grant's unanswerable speech at the close of the last session of parlia-

ment, upon the state of the silk trade:-

The Right Honourable Gentleman, having shewn the increased consumption of the raw material, observes-" It is notorious to all who have any acquaintance with manufactures, that none has ever been so nursed or bolstered up by protecting duties as the silk manufacture generally, but especially the branch of it connected with thrown-silk. The throwing of silk may, in some sort, be looked upon as a separate manufacture, and the whole trade long exhibited a singular exception o the activity and animation of other British manufactures; there as been no improvement, and contented mediocrity was all that it ver, attained without the display of that genius and invention which sually accompany the enterprise of our traders. It affords a most a markable and humiliating proof of the paralyzing effect of protecting texes, that in this department we were below foreign nations. While i other manufactures we feared lest the advantage of our machinery stould be communicated to foreigners, in this we ostentatiously avow our inferiority. It was an argument used both in and out of Parlianent, that in respect to the machinery employed in the silk trade, it vas impossible for Great Britain to compete with France. What then h.s been the consequence of pursuing that course, which it was said at the time would throw the nation prostrate at the feet of its rivals? In p portion as the ordinary motives of human actions have been allowed to operate upon this branch as upon others, in proportion has a spirit of competition been encouraged; in that proportion has a new spirit bon breathed into the silk trade, and new improvements adopted of which there had been no anticipation. These are not my sentiments on g, but the sentiments of those best qualified to judge; even of the sile throwsters themselves, who candidly confess that the measures of M1 Huskisson have not so much improved an old, as created a new trate. The price of throwing silk has been reduced from 8s. and 10s. per lb., to 3s. and 5s. per lb., and one throwster in London has lowered it even to 1s. 6d. per lb. The effect of the change in the law has been

to produce a spirit of exertion and economy of labour.

"It has been admitted on all hands that if the old machinery were adhered to, it would be impossible to compete with rivals; and very recently only the spirit of enterprise and improvement that marks our other manufactures has exercised its influence upon that of silk. New establishments have started up in different parts of the kingdom; at Cardiff and at Macclesfield-while at Manchester they have risen like exhalations. But the throwing of silk is only a subsidiary and subordinate department; it is only a means towards an end, and, if driven to choose between the general manufacturer of silk and the throwster, it ought to be recollected that the one may flourish, though the other should be destroyed; but the legislature is not reduced to that painful alternative, for the result clearly proves that the throwing of silk may be performed even cheaper than it has yet been done since the alteration of the law. The throwing of silk, I may add, is the only remaining difficulty, and if it could be done cheaper, there is no part of the world to which Great Britain might not send the productions of her looms. Attempts have been made to rival France in different parts of the process; with what success may be seen even by the unskilled eye of any gentleman entering the Repository at Charing-Cross. Even in colour the comparison is not to the disadvantage of this country. What do I argue from this? That if the cost of throwing silk be reduced, we need fear no foreign markets. It would be easy for me to multiply instances, where similar success has attended the measures of Mr. Huskisson; but I have said enough to prove that a new spirit would be generated in all branches, if the legislature would but relax the yet existing restrictions. We now command the home market; we might then fearlessly enter the foreign market. I trust that next session the legislature will look into the subject. It interests the nation most deeply; for the silk manufacturers do not dread foreign competition, but illicit introduction encouraged by a high protecting duty."

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ben verecht aubiger d'haft promosférer topperabliefe de rechait attrophéempeut des arrates à tellementation par l'approprié de l'approprié l'apprel affaire Samusaches de mande todateur élaboration délateur de la proprié de la propriété de la propri WE were very glad to recognise on the envelope of the following article, the goodly character in which the Sympathetic Numbers were written. Our politely-intimated wish was thus as politely complied with. But, we confess we by no means as thoroughly go along with our Correspondent in this case as the last; and we print the communication as a lively and able piece of advocacy on one side of a question, on which we beg to be considered as giving no opinion at all. On one point, however, we must say a word, for it is a matter of fact, involving property. The writer compares invasion of the existing dramatic monopoly, with the general inventions which have superseded old-fashioned goods. But the case is widely different. In the latter instance, the field was fairly open to all. The owners of the old goods had not given any sums of money to have the privilege of selling them without competition. This is the case—and the sums are enormous—with the patentees of our Winter Theatres. The difficulty of fairly getting rid of these patents is one which, we confess, we have not yet seen any means of overcoming. If any such be discovered, we should be the first to hail the freedom with delight; and then we should agree with the most part of what is said by our Correspondent in so rapid and tranchant a tone. We should not with all, however. For, we cannot attach much importance to the actors and actresses being strictly the King's servants-nor do we consider the practice of bringing them back to be clapped at, to shew their submission to the audience (which is the point on which it is rested here), as having much connection with dramatic excellence. However, it is fair to let the reader now hear what our Correspondent says; which is, at any rate, more amusingly said than are our objections.

THE THEATRE.

"Ower mony masters—ower mony masters; as the toad said to the harrow, when ilka tooth gave it a tug."—Scott.

Many and plausible are the reasons assigned for the decline of the dramatic art in England. My own theory on the subject,—one singularly obnoxious to the spirit of the times,—is, that since actors and actresses have written themselves "the servants of the public," instead of "His Majesty's Servants," they have been good for little: I was about to say for nothing, but the names of Charles Kemble, Young, and Farren, rose in judgment against the word. In the mean time, Ude and late dinners,—turnpike acts and early debates,—the gradual journey of the metropolis "Westward Ho!"—and the increase and splendour of private entertainments, are alternately assigned by the managers as an apology for their "beggarly account of empty boxes," and the equally beggarly condition of their inhabited ones; and at

length wearied of catering for reluctant guests,—despairing of winning back my Lord Duke and Sir Harry to their Salmi de bécasses and Chambertin, they are forced in their own despite to spread their board with half-raw beef, and heavy pudding, liquified with "the comfortable creature small beer," to re-create the voracious throats of Alderman Gobble in the dress-circle, and honest John Tompkins in the pit; nay! to provide still filthier cates for the obscene maw of the nameless rabble of the two shilling gallery! These, say they, are the veritable and sole

remaining patrons of the drama.

The evil thus insured is necessarily reciprocal. The scattered remnant of amateurs of the legitimate drama, forming a respectable minority, are driven from their post of observation by the perpetual glare and tumult and flippant coarseness of the modern stage; and the dramatic art is finally abandoned to operetta, melo-drama,—farces worthy of the suburbs,—and worse than all—to Shakspeare's matchless text, wafted "upon a jig to heaven!" And all this because the actors are the servants of the public—of the many-headed monster, John Bull; who loves to welcome 'Cherry Ripe' in the midst of a Roman tragedy,—who endures the 'Hypocrite' only for the sake of Mawworm's blasphemous parody,—and insists upon hearing "Kate the curst" scold, in three sharps, to Rodwell's measures.

"They do these things better in France," and excellently well in Germany; and those who are inclined to hear Shakspeare,—genuine, uninterpolated Shakspeare,—Shylock without variations, and Parolles without a song, may visit Vienna; and in the classical adjustment of costume, and purity of delivery, believe the days of Clive, Barry, Garrick, and the Kembles come again. I have seen the 'Merchant of Venice' and 'All's Well that Ends Well,' represented there in the very perfection of art; and to audiences so deeply interested, that not a whisper interrupted the performance. But then the boxes were private boxes,—the pit was filled with a highly respectable class,—the arduous and emulous actors were "His Imperial Majesty's Servants," and His Imperial Majesty himself was an unobtrusive but attentive spec-

tator.

On the continent, the higher order of players are literally the king's servants; paid in great part by the king's wages; subdued into decency by the king's presence; and secure, through the king's liberality, of a competence for their old age. A pension waits upon their retirement from the stage, and a prison upon their misconduct while they still tread the boards. Under this excitement of rewards and punishments, no doubles are forced upon the endurance of the yawning public,-the stage never "waits,"-the heroine of the drama does not presume to be "oblivious,"-nor the hero to be " much be-mused in port;" the soubrette does not coquet with the pit, nor play fantastic tricks before high Heaven to provoke the thunders of the gods; -old Capulet's mantle is not put on awry, nor his shoes "unpinked i'the heel;" for be it observed that none are more truly submissive to the public, than the king's servants. Clairon, the proudest Semiramis that ever declaimed from a throne, was sentenced to a week at Fort l'évêque as a penalty for impertinence; and some years ago I saw Levert, in

one of her most popular parts, mark her respect for a general titter that had saluted her entrée, by changing, between the acts, the coeffure which had provoked the risibility of the public. Never did I hear a more genuine burst of applause than that which saluted her re-entrance in a more moderately-proportioned turban. Nay! to so great an extent is this respect carried in Germany, that actors are frequently called for, not only on the conclusion of the performance, but between the acts, and even to the interruption of the piece; and so well accustomed are they to stand bowing to the decree of the audience, that last year, in the magnificent theatre at Munich, I was witness to the resurrection of Marie von Beaumarchais, in Goethe's play of Clavigo. Scarcely had the funeral of the deceased maiden traversed the stage, when three rounds of applause compelled her to step out of her coffin, and perform the ko-too in her shroud. I recollect too seeing Jocko required to exhibit his three bows, between the acts of the ballet; with his tail as much de trop as that of a comet. I marvel what explosion of huzzas would summon Miss Paton from her peaceful grave?-or induce Kean or Macready to doff their vests in token of respect to their "very worthy and approved good masters"-the public?

It is, unfortunately, an established dogma of modern times, that the English are not a play-going nation,—to which it might be added—in England; for throughout France, Italy, and Germany, experience proves them to be the most determined frequenters of the theatre from high to low—from the Scala and St. Carlos, to the Ambigu Comique, or the Leopoldstadt. But there they are not compelled to rise at an earlier hour than usual in order to travel to the play in time for the overture; nor to sit six consecutive hours upon a wooden bench, deafened by the hammering of sticks and iron heels, or cries of "Box-

keeper," and " Turn him out."

It is not, however, necessary to cross the channel in order to note the theatrical propensities of the English nation. Let us examine the audiences collected by Laporte at the English Opera House; or those attracted to the King's Theatre by the performances of Georges, and of Mars. Is it to be supposed, that the mere fact of listening to a French play is a sufficient attraction to the higher orders of London society? or shall reason prompt us to acknowledge that they are easily and cheerfully congregated by the sight and sound of genuine tragedy, comedy, and farce?-that an English theatre, established at the west end of the town, upon the system of the Théatre de Madame, at Paris, the performances to be restricted between the hours of eight and eleven, would be eminently successful,—that its boxes would be permanently engaged, and creditably filled; and that even royalty itself, when unconstrained by the formalities of bespeaking a play, and calling out the household troops as an escort through St. Giles's, would probably seek a refined relaxation within its walls.

At Covent Garden, or Drury Lane, setting the mischiefs of their remote locality aside, a reform of the abuses sanctified by time and custom is altogether impossible. John Kemble, wisely conscious of the advantage he should derive from a more enlightened auditory, extended the proportion of private-boxes; and the denizens of the pit

and gallery, to whom the subject was manifestly indifferent, since it trenched not upon their interests, resisted the innovation by a branch uproar of the O. P. row. At present the magnitude of the houses, the responsibility of the managers to the proprietors,—and the bottomless pits which engulph their common understanding, forbid all hope of amendment. With regard to the authorship of the patent theatres, the instructions of a popular manager to his literary factors is well known: "Remember you are writing for an English pit, which is so stupid a brute, that you must arrest its attention by saying, 'now they are going to do so and so; -now they are doing it; -now they have done it; or you never will make your plot sufficiently distinct." And are we to be voked to the stumbling pace of this stupid brute;—to be assigned un-pit-ied this bitter pittance? Peerage, and Baronetage, and Squirearchy, and Westminster-Hall,-to the rescue!

But, in sober earnest, what author, even unshackled by managerial counsels, or of the highest individual calibre, would presume to consult his own good sense in treating with an audience? He knows by fatal experience that delicate wit, if pointed with elegance, is not broad enough for the lamp; that an emulation, or even a translation of Scribe's brilliant couplets, would be utterly lost at Covent-Garden. unless he could borrow Garagantua's mouth to render it audible; and even then, its most biting traits would be lost amid the labyrinth of cadences required by the Rossinists of the upper gallery. He knows that delicate sentiments are prohibited at the winter theatres, where the spectators never cry unless they see a qualifying strip of green baize upon the boards, or laugh unless burlesque wigs or waistcoats announce that the dialogue is comical. He knows that honest Bull who weeps at Cato's soliloquy, would witness the parting of Michel et Christine unmoved; nor allow the Femme-Chatte to have earned her title, till she had coursed, and caught, and devoured a mouse before their eyes. Paul Pry's umbrella is worth both the prose and the verse of the Bourgeois gentilhomme, in his estimation.

But how are the claims of those brick and mortar Mammoths (the winter theatres) to be evaded; how is the clamorous roar of the indignant proprietors to be silenced? Alas! if the iron chain of monopoly were indissoluble, what had become of spinning-jennies and steampackets, of patent corkscrews and jointed clogs?—the introduction of all and each of which was injurious to some old-established interest. I doubt, however, whether old Drury or Covent-Garden would lose thirty auditors a-night by the innovation. They would remain in undisturbed possession of the city and the standing army; besides the uncounted multitude of amateurs of Christmas pantomimes, Easter spectacles, Farley and melodrama, Braham and the cantabile edition

of Shakspeare.

In the meantime an agreeable délassement for the weary hour between coffee and the réveil of Musard and Collinet, would be provided for the polite parishes of St. James, St. George, and St. Mary. Much green tea and much scandal would become superfluous; "the bubbling and loud hissing urn" would no longer make the mournful music of the monotonous drawing-room; cutlets would be unconsciously digested during

an interesting catastrophe, and Paris and Abernethy have written in vain; domestic squabbles would be soothed or silenced by the sweet murmurs of Stephens, or the exciting animation of Jones; the Oriental Club and the Travellers' would be thinned as instantaneously as a Newmarket jockey; and the inauspicious query of "How goes the enemy?" would become an obsolete sound between twilight and moonlight at

the west end of the metropolis.

Scott himself, when undismayed by the terrors of a savage audience, might recant his vow; and, writing for the stage, form a new era in our literature—the third effected by his fruitful pen; while Moore and Hope, and the authors of Matilda, Granby, and Pelham, might renew the triumphs of Farquhar and Congreve, and renovate a decayed branch of the dramatic laurel. And as a theatre of this description should especially exclude every thing offensive to decency, to good morals, and good taste, it is to be expected that it would meet with no opposition from the constituted guardians of the interests of the public.

ARRIVALS AT A WATERING PLACE.

Scene—A Conversazione at Lady Crumpton's.—Whist and weariness, Caricatures and Chinese Puzzle.—Young Ladies making tea, and Young Gentlemen making the agreeable.—The Stable-Boy handing rout-cakes.—Music expressive of there being nothing to do.

I PLAY a spade:—such strange new faces
Are flocking in from near and far:
Such frights—Miss Dobbs holds all the aces,—
One can't imagine who they are!
The Lodgings at enormous prices,
New Donkeys, and another fly;
And Madame Bonbon out of ices,
Although we're scarcely in July:
We're quite as sociable as any,
But our old horse can hardly crawl;
And really where there are so many,
We can't tell where we ought to call.

Pray who has seen the odd old fellow
Who took the Doctor's house last week?—
A pretty chariot,—livery yellow,
Almost as yellow as his cheek:
A widower, sixty-five, and surly,
And stiffer than a poplar-tree;
Drinks rum and water, gets up early
To dip his carcass in the sea:

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He's always in a monstrous hurry,
And always talking of Bengal;
They say his cook makes noble curry;
I think, Louisa, we should call.

And so Miss Jones, the mantua-maker,
Has let her cottage on the hill?—
The drollest man, a sugar-baker,—
Last year imported from the till:
Prates of his orses and his oney,
Is quite in love with fields and farms;
A horrid Vandal,—but his money
Will buy a glorious coat of arms:
Old Clyster makes him take the waters;
Some say he means to give a ball;
And after all, with thirteen daughters,
I think, Sir Thomas, you might call.

That poor young man!—I'm sure and certain
Despair is making up his shroud:
He walks all night beneath the curtain
Of the dim sky and mirky cloud:
Draws landscapes,—throws such mournful glances!—
Writes verses,—has such splendid eyes;
An ugly name,—but Laura fancies
He's some great person in disguise!—
And since his dress is all the fashion,
And since he's very dark and tall,
I think that, out of pure compassion,
I'll get papa to go and call.

So Lord St. Ives is occupying

The whole of Mr. Ford's Hotel;

Last Saturday his man was trying

A little nag I want to sell.

He brought a lady in the carriage;

Blue eyes,—eighteen, or thereabouts;—

Of course, you know, we hope it's marriage!

But yet the femme de chambre doubts.

She look'd so pensive when we met her;

Poor thing! and such a charming shawl!—

Well! till we understand it better,

It's quite impossible to call.

Old Mr. Fund, the London banker,
Arrived to-day at Premium Court;
I would not, for the world, cast anchor
In such a horrid dangerous port;

Such dust and rubbish, lath and plaster,—
(Contractors play the meanest tricks)—
The roof's as crazy as its master,
And he was born in fifty-six:
Stairs creaking—cracks in every landing,—
The colonnade is sure to fall;—
We sha'n't find post or pillar standing,
Unless we make great haste to call.

Who was that sweetest of sweet creatures,
Last Sunday, in the Rector's seat?

The finest shape,—the loveliest features,—
I never saw such tiny feet.

My brother,—(this is quite between us)
Poor Arthur,—'twas a sad affair!

Love at first sight,—She's quite a Venus,—
But then she's poorer far than fair:
And so my father and my mother
Agreed it would not do at all;
And so,—I'm sorry for my brother!—
It's settled that we're not to call.

And there's an Author, full of knowledge;
And there's a Captain on half-pay;
And there's a Baronet from college,
Who keeps a boy, and rides a bay;
And sweet Sir Marcus from the Shannon,
Fine specimen of brogue and bone;
And Doctor Calipee, the canon,
Who weighs, I fancy, twenty stone:
A maiden Lady is adorning
The faded front of Lily Hall:—
Upon my word, the first fine morning,
We'll make a round, my dear, and call.

Alas! disturb not, maid and matron,
The swallow in my humble thatch;
Your son may find a better patron,
Your niece may meet a richer match:
I can't afford to give a dinner,
I never was on Almack's list;
And since I seldom rise a winner,
I never like to play at whist:
Unknown to me the stocks are falling;
Unwatch'd by me the glass may fall;
Let all the world pursue its calling,—
I'm not at home if people call.

A VISIT TO THE COURT OF MADAGASCAR.

THE following diary, which contains some very interesting information of the present state of Madagascar, was composed under circumstances not a little curious. Since our connection with that island, arising chiefly from the desire to suppress the slave-trade, which had been carried on with the Mauritius to a considerable extent, the government of the colony has always been anxious to extend civilization as much as possible, and to keep up the power of our ally, the King of that part of the country mentioned in the following narrative, he having undertaken to co-operate with us in the annihilation of the trade. The authorities of Port Louis have assisted, especially, in advancing the discipline and military skill of the troops of this potentate; and they have acquired a considerable notion of the English system. As, however, that system itself has lately undergone considerable change by the amendments introduced by Sir Henry Torrens, it was thought right to extend this alteration to Madagascar. Accordingly, a skilful drill serjeant was singled out from the Guards, and sent to the Mauritius, to be forwarded to Tamatave.—The following is that person's composition, and has been sent home to his family in this country. The style seems, we confess, considerably above what would be expected from his rank in life-but, from circumstances within our knowledge, we have every reason to believe it to be his own writing. Some few verbal errors we have corrected; but, in every other respect, there is no other alteration; and we doubt not that our readers will be surprised at such a production being that of a Serjeant of the Guards. The journal commences on his departure from Port Louis for Madagascar.

Since the above was written, and indeed while this sheet is passing through the press, intelligence of the death of Radama, the king of Madagascar, mentioned in the following narrative, has reached this country. From the representation here given of this chieftain, we must say that we sincerely regret this event; for, to say nothing of the progress towards civizilation in general which he was advancing among his people, he seems to have been sincerely devoted to the abolition of the slave-trade, which, till within these few years, was carried on to a great extent between the Mauritius and Madagascar. That very eminent and excellent person, Sir Robert Farquhar, during his protracted government of the former place, gave the first check to the traffic; and he seems to have been very readily and ably supported by Radama, who continued the same course of conduct during the government of Sir Lowry Cole. We trust that the new governor Sir Charles Colville, will find the same spirit in Radama's successor.

DIARY OF H. M-, 1827.

Wednesday, October 24th.—I EMBARKED with Mr. Lyall, the British agent, on board his majesty's colonial brig the Erin, which had previously gone outside the Bell-buoy, Port Louis, and was lying-to for us; at half-past 7 o'clock P. M. sailed with a fair wind for Madagascar.

JAN. 1829.

25th.-Weather delightful and wind fair; the island of Bourbon was distinctly seen at the distance of about forty miles, at 4 o'clock P. M.

26th.-Wind and weather favourable. On going upon deck immediately after dinner, about half after 4 o'clock, La Virginie, (formerly the Wizard,) a regular trader between the Mauritius and Madagascar, was seen at three or four miles distance. We bore towards her, and soon afterwards our Captain ordered a gun to be fired as a signal that she should lie-to, with which she immediately complied, and stood towards us. We now bore directly down upon her, and being very anxious to hear the news from Madagascar, I accompanied the Agent in the gig, and we boarded her. After some enquiries addressed to the Captain, Mr. Lyall asked if Mr. Campbell* was still at Tamatave, to which he replied, "There he is, at your side."

Having held a conversation with that gentleman, it was deemed of importance, for political purposes, that he should return with us to Madagascar, and accordingly Mr. Lyall made the proposition to him. To this he consented, upon the ground of public duty, and on the Agent granting him a letter to his Excellency the Governor, taking the responsibility of the measure upon himself. In a short time we reached the Erin, and Mr. Campbell, with two domestics belonging to the mission, followed, and got on board just as it became dark, and we

proceeded immediately on the voyage.

27th.—Pleasant weather and good sailing. Afraid of approaching too near the land in the night, the Erin lay-to some hours.

28th.—About 7 o'clock A. M. the land was distinctly perceived, and soon afterwards the Isle of Prunes and Point of Tamatave were easily

distinguished.

When within a few miles of the shore, I was delighted with the fine appearance of the country-hills rising behind hills in beautiful amphitheatre-and could not avoid contrasting the charming aspect of nature with the mortal fever of the climate.

At 10 o'clock, we anchored in the roads of Tamatave. The Agent having written a letter to his Majesty, Radama, I was dispatched, habited in my best uniform, with it to the King. Of my trip on shore I

made the following report.

Having reached Government House, I found the Governor of Tamatave (Mr. Robin†) rising from bed, who received me in his shirt and Having taken the letter for his Majesty, he informed me trowsers. that he had gone a short distance into the country to make an appeal, according to custom, to some of his people upon the coast, and he desired me to wait a short time, when I should receive an answer, as he would forward the letter immediately by a courier, which he accordingly did in my presence.

· Lieutenant of the 82nd Regiment, appointed by his Excellency Sir G. L. Cole,

⁽since the death of Mr. Hastie,) as ad-interim Agent at Madagascar.

+ We suppose that it is usual for the higher persons at Madagascar to assume English names—for, besides this Mr. Robin, we find, farther on, a Mr. Phillibert, and a Mr. Corroller, holding high offices.

Mr. Robin then politely asked me to sit down, and ordered English beer to be presented, of which I heartily partook, as the day was very warm and I very thirsty. He having previously sent for a Mr. Redington, an Englishman, and a resident of Tamatave, to act as interpreter, wrote upon half a sheet of paper his name, rank, and titles, and laid it before me; by these means I was early made to know that he was Grand Maréchal of Madagascar, Commander-in-chief of the Forces, General and private Secretary of his Majesty, Radama, Governor of Tamatave, &c. &c. &c. He next made numerous enquiries respecting Mr. Lyall's character, all of which I answered to the best of my judgment. He then stated, that King Radama was very partial to men of good understanding and general acquirements; that having heard very good accounts of Mr. Lyall, he had anxiously anticipated his arrival ever since he knew of his appointment, and that his Majesty was now very desirous to see him.

The Governor spoke very indifferently of the late Agent, but I could plainly perceive that the Governor did not like him, and that he evidently spoke under the influence of personal feelings; and I learned afterwards, that both H. M. and Mr. Robin had treated Mr. Campbell

with indignity.

Previous to my going on shore, I was ordered to ask for horses at whatever time King Radama should fix upon to receive the Agent.—On mentioning this circumstance to the Governor, he immediately replied, that horses would have been sent though they had not been asked for; and besides added, that if Mr. Lyall, or any of the gentlemen on board, wished to take a ride this afternoon, as many horses as they required could be ready at half an hour's notice.

In a couple of hours the messenger returned from his Majesty, with

a note to the Governor, who then wrote a letter to the Agent.

I returned to the ship, and Mr. Lyall sent his compliments and thanks to the Governor, and requested him to be so good as order four horses to be in readiness at 4 o'clock.

A little before the above hour, Mr. Lyall, accompanied by the Captain, Mr. Campbell, and myself, went on shore, but the horses not being quite ready, Mr. Robin asked the party into his house. The Agent entered and I accompanied him, when a general conversation followed, and an offer was made, on the part of the King, and also of the Governor, to do every thing in their power to make our sejour comfortable and agreeable. He more especially added, that Mr. Lyall had only to let him know how many horses he required, and he should have them at all times; remarking that four excellent ones, completely caparisoned in the English style, were in readiness. We left Mr. Robin, and the party mounted and rode for about an hour and a half; during which time we made a visit to the tomb of the late Mr. Cole *, which is situated upon a gentle eminence behind the battery, and about the eighth part of a mile from it, and on the border of a small wood, that appears to form the cemetery for persons of distinction. A number of tombs were remarked in the neighbourhood, but none of

Formerly a captain in the army, who accompanied Mr. Campbell to Madagascar on a separate mission, and not meeting with the reception he had anticipated, it is reported that he took it so much to heart, as to be the chief instigator of his death.

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them equal to Mr. Cole's, except one of the former commandants of

Tamatave who was murdered at Ivondrow.

I was happy to see that the Malagashes, as well as most other barbarous countries, seemed to do homage to the dead; and it is but justice to the memory of Mr. Cole to add, that both king and peasant spoke well of him.

29th.—Having heard a great many reports at Mauritius, and also numerous details of affairs from the late agent, which gave every one an idea that the British government had already done too much for King Radama, and that the sycophants, by whom he was said to be surrounded, by their fulsome praises, well-timed flattery, and detestable deceit, had actually made the King forget himself, the Agent therefore determined to make our landing in Madagascar as imposing as possible, well aware that parade and show—gold and silver—brilliant uniforms and gaudy colours, generally speaking, have a great effect, particularly over the opinions of savages and semi-barbarians, and bearing in mind how much depends upon first impressions; it happened very fortunately that I had expended a little extra upon my uniform, and Mr. Lyall no small sum, which enabled him to appear in a very respectable manner at the court of Radama.

Having also learned that his Majesty now assumed a haughty, independent, and authoritative tone and demeanour—that he imagined himself the greatest monarch upon earth—that he seemed quite intoxicated with his power at home, and his renown abroad, and that he had treated the British envoys, Mr. Campbell, and the late Mr. Cole, with much indifference, neglect, and indignity, the Agent had taken the resolution, from the moment of our arrival, to act with great caution, dignity, and independence, but at the same time with every

becoming deference and politeness.

It is here necessary to observe, that the last resolution was much strengthened on hearing from the late Agent, that he had formerly sat on the king's right hand at dinner; but, since Mr. Robin's elevation, he had put him upon his left, and yielded his place to the Grand Maréchal.

It was also very fortunate that, through his Excellency Sir Lowry Cole's goodness, the Agent had been enabled to keep to his resolution of not proceeding to Madagascar in a merchant vessel; as no doubt such a step, merely on account of the appearance, would have lowered him in the eyes of the King and his grandees.

Having made these preliminary remarks, I shall now endeavour to

detail the proceedings of the day.

Being dressed in our best uniforms, the Agent's is allowed to be handsome and mine very gaudy, we got into the gig, and were pulled astern of the Erin; during our progress toward the shore, a salute was fired from the Erin, which was returned from the battery.

Mr. Robin in his best uniform, which, though gaudy with gold lace, certainly is not that of a Grand Maréchal, and mounted upon a brown charger, was at the shore ready to receive the Agent; we proceeded towards the Battery, or temporary residence of King Radama, at Tamatave, of which I shall here give a short description, in order that the ceremonies that took place may be better understood.

The Battery occupies a large square of ground, upon a slight elevation, nearly at the N.W. end of Tamatave, and is furnished with a few cannon. It is surrounded by high, strong palisades, forming a complete square, and has a door in the centre of each side, at all of which sentinels are stationed. At a few yards distance from the palisade is a square of buildings, of various magnitudes, and all detached from each other; the principal edifice, fronting the chief gate, is the dwelling of Prince Rataffe, (who was in England,) brother-in-law of the King, and commandant of Tamatave, while the rest form magazines, store-houses, stables, dwellings for attendants, &c. The Battery is always given up to the King, during his residence at Tamatave; though the principal building, or palace, only contains three apartments, none of which are very large; yet being well arranged for parade as well as comfort, and being very clean, the residence is by no means despicable. Besides, in one corner of the square, towards the shore, there is a small tower elevated for the king, and neatly furnished, where he passes his time when the weather is very hot, and transacts his private affairs. But to return to the business of the day.

When within a short distance of the Battery, a messenger having informed the Governor that the troops were not completely in order for the ceremony, he asked the Agent, as well as myself, to enter his house for a few minutes. As soon as we were seated, Mr. Robin having informed the Agent (previously) that he had wines, ale, porter, &c. desired him to say what he would drink; being in a profuse perspiration, from the heat of the weather, and a warm uniform, each of us cheerfully accepted some beer, and had scarcely drank, when two of his Majesty's officers arrived, and informed Mr. Robin that the King was now waiting to receive the Agent. We immediately mounted our

horses, and soon reached the Battery.

Having entered on horseback, about five hundred troops, all in English uniform, and drawn up around the square, presented arms, and the band struck up God save the King. We descended from our horses, and were conducted across the square toward the house already described, where the King awaited Mr. Lyall, and by the time we arrived there his Majesty was at the door ready to receive us. Mr. Robin presented the Agent to King Radama, who immediately shook hands with him very cordially indeed. Mr. Lyall now presented me to his Majesty, with whom he also shook hands in the same manner.

Agreeably to the custom of the country on a first presentation, we each left a piece of money in his hand, saying, "A tribute of respect

to your Majesty."

The King then entered the chief apartment, approached his seat, and made a sign to Mr. Lyall to take the chair on his right hand, which he immediately accepted. Mr. Robin was seated on the left of the King; Mr. Corroller, late Governor of Tamatave, now General, Secretary-in-Chief, and Aide-de-Camp to Radama, was placed on the Agent's right; I myself on the left of the Grand Maréchal. Prince Rataffe, Mr. Phillibert (the Grand Judge), and about twenty of the King's officers, were also present, who stood for some time around the room, and then, by a signal from his Majesty, beseated themselves.

Mr. Lyall now rose and delivered a letter of introduction from his Excellency Sir G. L. Cole, to his Majesty, besides some other letters;

several volumes respecting his travels in Russia, all elegantly bound, which excited Radama's minute attention; a machine for spinning silk, which was sent by Col. Stavely; a letter, and a splendid Bible, from the Treasurer of the Missionary Society; a Circassian arrow, a Tartar whip, &c. With the whip the King was greatly amused. He kept it a long time in his hand, shewing it now and then to his officers, and laughing heartily at its broad flap, which makes a noise upon the horse's sides.

A long conversation was kept up with his Majesty, who appeared quite able to continue it. He talked of King George IV., the state of England, Sir R. T. Farquhar, Sir G. L. Cole, our voyage, and of Mr. Lyall's intention of going immediately to Tananarivon, from which the King powerfully dissuaded him, because the bad season had already commenced, and he feared we might catch the fever; at the same time he added, "If you wish to go, I do not mean, in any way, by what I have said, to prevent you; but I give it as my advice, that you should return to the Mauritius, and I shall await your arrival with impatience next June."

To his Majesty's advice, who consulted some of his officers in our presence on the subject, Mr. Lyall bowed assent, and it was in my opinion conscientiously given; for nearly every person in Tamatave said that we should be risking our lives by advancing into the interior, and even added, that now the coast was dangerous, and that we ought to

leave it as soon as possible.

Mr. Lyall then informed the King that he had also brought with him about twenty volumes of the newest and best books on military tactics; and that Mr. M---* was capable, if his Majesty desired it, to instruct his troops in the new manœuvres, according to the work of Sir Henry Torrens. To this his Majesty immediately replied, that he felt greatly indebted to the British Government for their kindness in selecting Mr. M-, and also to Mr. Lyall for having brought the books; and then added, that as his soldiers were but half civilized, and had with much pains and patience become pretty expert in the exercises, agreeably to the old, or Dundas's, Regulations, if he attempted any change, the chance was they would be confounded, and would not perform their exercises well, according to one system or the other. At the same time he said, that hereafter he might be induced to have some recruits trained according to the new system, but that he would be better able to judge when he had seen the new movements performed.

The conversation having turned upon uniforms, Mr. Lyall said he was sorry to learn that the magnificent coat lately sent from England to his Majesty was by far too large. The King replied, "Yes, too arge, too wide, too big every way—it is like a sack, but certainly it a handsome, a superb one." He then asked if we would wish to see it, to which the Agent replied in the affirmative, if it was his Majesty's pleasure. Begging to be excused for a moment, the King withdrew into an adjoining apartment, and in a couple of minutes appeared in his beautiful scarlet and superbly embroidered coat, which was found, as he had described, by far too large. His Majesty laughed heartily at himself, and said, that the people in England must imagine him to be

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a very tall man, while "I am in reality a little man, as you see." Wines, ale, &c. were presented, while the King, Agent, and myself, as well as all the officers present, drank healths.

Having sat about two hours, fearing to fatigue his Majesty, Mr. Lyall rose to retire, and, in their conversation, proposed a private

audience at half-past eleven o'clock the following day.

About two o'clock we took leave of his Majesty, with a hearty shaking of hands; the Grand Maréchal accompanied us to the shore, where

we embarked, and returned to the ship.

It is necessary here to remark, that during the time we were with his Majesty, the troops were exercising and the band playing, with short intervals. The soldiers went through their evolutions with more precision than could have been expected for uncivilized people, the words of command being given in Malagash, and not, as till lately, in English.

The impression made upon my mind to-day was undoubtedly a

mixture of astonishment and admiration.

I beheld king Radama, who but a few years ago wore his sallac, now decorated like a European monarch;—a being, who but lately was a savage, acting with all the dignity, affability, and kindness of a civilized prince; a man, whose ears had early and long been accustomed only to the sounds of barbarism and slavery, every now and then repeating how dear to his heart was the civilization of his country—how much he owed to England, and how determined he was to maintain, on his part, the treaty for the total abolition of the Slave Trade; in a word, I beheld a prince, endowed with noble sentiments, (and who has his faults, no doubt,) who only seemed to want good counsellors, in order to make a rapid march in civilization.

As for the King's Staff, it is but justice to say that they behaved with a modesty, affability, and kindness, such as would have done

them bonour at any court in the world.

30th.—Our luggage was landed amidst much rain, and had scarcely reached the houses appointed for the Agent, by the Governor, when Mr. Lyall received an invitation for us to breakfast with his Majesty. Having already breakfasted on board the Erin, he returned his compliments, and thanked his Majesty for his kind attention.

At half after eleven o'clock, (the time appointed for the audience,) horses having been previously sent, the Agent proceeded to the battery, and was received by the King very handsomely; the party present having withdrawn, the audience commenced, and lasted about two hours, during which time numerous affairs were discussed and settled, regarding England and Madagascar.

His Majesty, Radama, frequently repeated his ideas, privately and publicly, with respect to the British Government; so that, to avoid repetition, I will here endeavour to condense them into one view.

"England," said the King, "was my first ally, and has been my faithful supporter. I can never forget King George the Third, and, far less, King George the Fourth. The British Government has done every thing for me—(looking at his dress, his officers, his soldiers, his able, &c.,)—all this," said he, "does honour to your country. Sir

School the alter beauty.

Robert Farquhar was my warm friend; I must ever hold the name of England dear; of her good intentions I have no doubt, and the inteest she takes in the prosperity of Madagascar, and in my glory, is endered very evident, by her government sending you here, accompanied by Mr. M-. I know she can do much for me and my people, and I am well satisfied that you can and will aid me yourself, and thus add to the obligations I already lie under to King George the Fourth; I love England; I have regarded and still regard her comme mon pivot." The King then held out his hand to the Agent, and they had a hearty shake. Still holding his hand, he added, These are my sentiments, and whoever gives a contrary representation, does injustice to me and injustice to Great Britain. Do me the favour to communicate what I have said to the English government, and to his Excellency Sir Lowry Cole, and make my ideas known to your countrymen, who ever have shewn themselves my friends, and will not forget me so long as I do my duty. The civilization of my people is the dearest wish of my heart, and every measure, conducive te its advancement, will meet with my approbation and support."

A general conversation was still kept up; and talking of the King's army, Mr. Lyall said, when the troops were going to exercise, he should like much to see them, as he had not well observed them on the preceding day, being occupied so constantly in conversation with his Majesty, who replied, "Very well;" and two minutes afterwards, while speaking with the grand Judge, he entered another apartment for a moment, the meaning of which was not then understood. However, the conversation was again renewed, and in about half an hour, to the astonishment of all present, a company of grenadiers preceded by the band, marched into the square before the house, when his Majesty said,

"Your wish shall now be gratified."

The moment his Majesty was perceived by the troops, they uttered something like "Hurra, Radama!" to which the King replied very

gently.

The King and the Agent having taken their stations under the veranda, the grenadiers, commanded by Colonel Bayna, went through the manual and platoon exercises, firing in company, by subdivisions, by sections, and by files; and upon the whole they executed it in a creditable manner, though I must not by any means (as others have

done) compare them to British troops.

The Agent now reminded his Majesty of the improvements by Sir Henry Torrens in the evolutions of the British army, when he expressed a wish to see the manual exercise performed. Mr. Lyall, therefore, ordered me to take a station between the troops and his Majesty, and to go through the manual exercise and the extension motions, which I did in their presence, and which appeared to please the king greatly.

The company now gave a general salute, and marched off to the

tune of the " British Grenadiers."

Having taken a little refreshment, we took leave of his Majesty, and went on board the Erin to dinner. Soon afterwards received an invitation for the Agent, the Captain of the Erin, Mr. Campbell, and myself, to dine with the King, the following day at six o'clock, which invitation was accepted by the whole party.

We had scarcely returned from the ship, when his Majesty very unexpectedly visited Mr. Lyall, accompanied by Mr. Corroller, Prince Rataffe, Mr. Phillibert, and a guard of honour, all on foot, with about twenty women who were singing all the time the King remained. The party remained about half an hour, having freely partaken of Champagne, &c. His Majesty withdrew saying, "This is a visit sans ceremonie, which I hope will be returned."

31st.—About twelve o'clock one of the King's ministers visited Mr. Lyall, and being about to take lunch, he sat down and shared the fare, in the course of which he gave the following explanation.

"Mr. Lyall," said he, "Madagascar, like all other countries, has its own rules; and, as you are going to dine with his Majesty to-day, it is necessary to explain one of them, respecting your seat at the table. He who sits opposite the King occupies the place of honour; but he whom his Majesty places upon his right hand, occupies the place of

honour and friendship."

At the proper time, horses being sent to the Agent's apartment, Mr. Lyall, the Captain, and myself, all in uniform, (Mr. Campbell having written an apology,) proceeded to the Battery, the gate of which being thrown open, we cantered up to the house, and were saluted by some troops; the band playing "God save the King." Upon our descending from our horses, Mr. Corroller came out to welcome us, and his Majesty received us at the door in a handsome manner; Mr. Robin and Mr. Corroller were the only two individuals who sat, besides the King, Mr. Lyall, and party, but whether with intent to do honour to his Majesty or not, I cannot say. However, it is as well to remark that the chief part of the chairs, with which Tamatave is but indifferently furnished, were set around the dining table.

Mr. Lyall was placed at the King's right, while Mr. Phillibert, the Grand Judge, sat opposite to his Majesty. The table was set with great taste, and covered with a profusion of dishes. Silver and crystal abounded, and there were so many courses of well-cooked viands fish, flesh, and fowl, &c. that I thought they would never have an end. Even after the King rose and gave the health of King George the Fourth, the table was again crowded. Shortly afterwards, Mr. Lyall gave the health of Radama, King of Madagascar, which was drunk with three cheers, as well as the former, the band playing "Rule, Britannia." Various patriotic toasts were drunk. The party was very merry, the King took a glass of wine with each in his turn : after dinner Mr. Robin sang a French air, the band accompanied him; and afterwards Mr. Lyall, being solicited, gave them "Auld lang syne." The party remained till about eleven o'clock, when the Agent rose and said, "Your Majesty, I think we have done sufficient honour to the bottle;" when the King rose, and, being very warm, began to dance, in which Mr. Lyall joined; they continued wheeling round the room for some time, till they wheeled out into the veranda, and the Agent called for his horse, and the party broke up about eleven o'clock and proceeded to their respective residences.

Nothing particular occurred during the three following days, except the King visiting the Agent, and the latter returning the visits. I accompanied the Agent on one of the evenings, when his Majesty received us with every possible politeness. As soon as we entered his apartment, the table was covered, and an English cheese and biscuit placed General and Princess Rafarlah were also present, to whom the King introduced first the Agent and then myself. Immediately afterwards, silver plates being laid upon the table, the whole partook of the biscuit and cheese, as well as some English beer; when we had finished, his Majesty invited us into the court-yard, where there were (as is customary every evening) about 200 of his dancers male and female, when we had the satisfaction of seeing them perform a number of steps. But the music, if it may get the name, was so horrible and noisy, that it was enough to turn the drums of one's ears. There were about five musicians; one played upon an instrument not unlike a flageolet, another beat upon a tin pan slung around his neck, another upon a kind of drum, another upon a piece of iron, and another upon a piece of tin upon the ground; but of all the noises I ever heard that was the most horrible.

After the dancers had concluded, Mr. Lyall desired me to give them a few tunes upon the flute, as a contrast to the ear-rending noise we had just heard. I accordingly played several tunes, English and Scotch, and concluded by a country dance, in which all the dancers as well as his Majesty, joined; at the conclusion of which, the assembly broke up with an uproarious cry. The Agent being about to retire, his Majesty said, you must allow me and General Rafarlah to accompany you home,-they having ordered their horses for that purpose; to this Mr. Lyall consented, on his Majesty promising that he would allow us to return with him. The party mounted, and soon arrived at the Agent's apartments; when after partaking of champagne, the King proposed a ride, which was undoubtedly accepted; when we again mounted, and the King desired us to ride all four abreast, as there were two cream and two chesnut-coloured horses. We rode for about an hour and a half, followed by a train of attendants, who endeavoured to please us with their uncouth songs. When within a short distance of the Battery, his Majesty caused a circle to be formed by his attendants, and in which we had the pleasure of seeing some of his best wrestlers perform; at the conclusion of which, we accompanied his Majesty home, and having taken a little Madeira, left the King.

November 4th.—To day his Majesty honoured the Agent with his company to dinner. At 6 o'clock, the hour fixed upon, the King, the Grand Maréchal, General and Princess Rafarlah, Prince Rataffe, Mr. Corroller, and Mr. Phillibert, attended by a guard of honour, accompanied by the band, arrived at our residence, though a little after six.—I received his Majesty at the gate, and Mr. Lyall at the door of the apartment. Dinner being upon the table, the whole entered the dining room, ten in number, and took their respective seats. The dinner was conducted similarly to that of the King, and the party took their seats accordingly; it is not necessary to repeat the different healths drunk, they being the same as at the King's table, or nearly so.

The party was very merry. The gun fired, according to custom, at nine o'clock, and coffee was that instant ordered; when the King took

out his watch, and to the astonishment of all present said, " I intend to quit this for my capital in an hour's time." The whole of his officers were in the utmost confusion, for I am certain not an individual at Tamatave knew of his Majesty's intentions, they not having made the least preparation for a departure; however, they who were to proceed with the King were obliged to make their exit as quick as possible, very few of them waiting for coffee: but Radama remained about a quarter of an hour, when he rose to depart; and those that remained accompanied his Majesty to the Battery. Upon arriving there he said, "As soon as I have taken off this uniform and put on another, I am off for Tananarivon." He then shook hands, first with Mr. Lyall, and then with myself, saying "Adieu, till next June," and we left his Majesty and returned to our lodgings. In order to ascertain whether the King could possibly leave so early as he said, I returned to the Battery; scarcely twenty minutes had elapsed; on arriving there I found that his Majesty, his ministers, officers, and his army likewise, were gone; and all that I could perceive were a few slaves carrying luggage after the army. I was informed afterwards, that the notice they get never exceeds two hours for the whole of his army to assemble and be in movement.

In consequence of his Majesty so unexpectedly quitting Tamatave, the Agent resolved upon sailing for Mauritius on the morning of Tuesday the 7th inst. I was accordingly occupied on Monday the 6th, in getting our luggage on board, which I did not complete till one o'clock the fol-

lowing morning; and at six, we were fairly at sea.

We had a good passage back in the Erin; but the second day we were dreadfully alarmed by a "water-spout," which came close to the vessel, but fortunately took a contrary direction on the firing of a gun, which was done by order of the Captain.

Nothing else particular occurred during our voyage. We anchored at Port Louis, on the morning of the 16th of November, after having

been absent from this port only 231 days.

In order that the name of slavery may be considered (I may say for ever) banished from the dominions of his Majesty, Radama, I will furnish you with a confidential statement from one of his ministers, for the information of the gentlemen whom I have requested this to be laid before.

Radama lately employed a young man to go among his enemies to the southward of Tananarivon, as a spy, in order to know what they were doing, especially with respect to slavery; giving him the strictest commands against its encouragement in any way. The youth, tempted by a sum of money, soon afterwards sold a slave who was attached to himself. The news of this act having reached the King's ears, the man was seized, put in irons, carried to the capital, and after a fair trial condemned to death. He was kept alone, however, until a Cobar was held, when his Majesty had him brought forward, and after explaining his crime, ordered him to be shot before the assembly. Radama then added, "Such a reward awaits all those who infringe the laws respecting slavery." The head was then severed from the body, and placed upon a pole, in a public place, that the effect might be more extensive and durable.

H. M.

THE DISOWNED*.

This is not exactly what, from the Introduction, we were led to believe. That made us expect a few episodes-whereas there are two stories as distinct as the sun and the moon; nay more so, for they have no sort of influence the one on the other. Now, notwithstanding the subtle arguments brought forward in the said Introduction in favour of characters which do not "conduce to the catastrophe," we must say that that is a perfectly different thing from having two thoroughly separate stories, with nothing to do with each other further than being bound in the same volumes, and printed alternately, one or two chapters of each at a time. Just as the reader is beginning to warm into the course of one narrative, and to form an acquaintance with its characters fast ripening into interest,-he turns over the leaf, and is forthwith plunged over head and ears into the stream of a totally different story, and hurried headlong into a circle composed of utter strangers. He gets, by degrees, interested in this narrative and these characters, when lo! he is suddenly carried back at once, among his old friends, just as the new were beginning to eclipse them. This alternation takes place a dozen times over. We confess it made us think of the sort of effect it would have to play Othello and Macbeth alternately act by act.

But notwithstanding this, and several other faults which we shall notice anon, we think the 'Disowned' has considerable merit, and displays talent far more than in proportion to that merit. We mean that there are indications of powers, which can never long remain shadowed and alloyed by the blemishes visible in this work :there are, in our opinion, undeniable proofs of mind which must ultimately eradicate the great majority of those faults which, we think, the author himself will soon recognise to be such. The greatest and most pervading is the tendency to over-writing-which occasionally comes across you in specimens so startling, as absolutely to mar the whole effect of otherwise a fine passage of feeling or of power. It brings the author, in his own person, forward at once. You exclaim, " Pooh! no one ever talked so!" or, if it be some contemplation of the author, it; recalls most strongly the fact that he is writing a book for the public, and trying to startle and shine before them-while, at the same time, it destroys the possibility of the belief that the writer is carried away by his subject, and consequently has the words springing to clothe his thoughts as fast as they start into life. This blemish is the more to be regretted in the author before us, as he has great powers of language if he would not abuse them.

The beginning of the book is—an unlucky fault—undoubtedly inferior to the rest. The adventure among the gypsies is, to us, so fantastic as to be uninteresting—and the description of the hero's host and hostess, Mr. and Mrs. Copperas, is an overdrawn and unnatural picture of vulgar life which we really wonder at an author of the culti-

^{*} The Disowned. By the Author of Pelham. In four vols. post 8vo. London Colburn, 1829.

vation of him before us having been guilty of. Most of his faults lie the other way-towards over-refinement and fastidiousness: therefore, it is really hard that we should be presented with a coarse and disagreeable caricature of the nature of that we allude to. Fortunately, there is not much of it. But Mr. Brown goes through the whole book—and he, in addition, to the unpleasant nature of the character altogether, is a contradiction. No one represented as so knowing could be so silly-no one so silly could have thriven so well in the world.

But we are forgetting: those of our readers whom the 'Disowned' may not have reached-(and, without disparagement to its circulation or any implied compliment to ours, such a thing may happen even a month after publication, for a magazine has more regular transmission into the country than any book in the formidable shape of four volumes can have)-those of our readers, then, who may not have seen the 'Disowned,' will complain that we are talking to them of things unknown, and will lay claim to their right as readers of a review of a new work, to have duly laid before them an abstract of the story, a compendium of the incidents-in short, a complete condensation of the whole book. Now, we must announce to them, that, in the present article, they will find no such thing. We object to any thing like a regular abridgment, for many reasons. In the first place, it is not fair to the author: it turns his story inside out; it pretends to give, in a few pages, that which he has thought required volumes [alas! in this instance 4*] to represent. In a review of Mr. Maturin's 'Woman,' in that northern work which was the mighty founder of the existing school of criticism, we recollect a passage which always tickled us exceedingly, on this very point. The reviewer compares the manner in which those of his craft set a novel before their readers, in contradistinction to that used by authors, to "the persecution which the petty jealousy of his great neighbours at Hagley exercised on poor Shenstone," by leading his visitors " to inconvenient points of view, and introducing them at the wrong end of a walk to detect a deception." Of this cruelty, it seems, the bard of the Leasowes was wont bitterly to complain; and the compassionate critic speculates upon the similarity of Mr. Maturin's feelings at his "placing the conclusion of his book at the beginning of the recital. But," he adds with the same sensations of mercy which characterize the cook-maid's celebrated retort on the very subject from which he takes his illustration. " 'let the stricken deer go weep;' the cook would have more than enough to do, who thought it necessary to consult the eel at which extremity he would like the flaying to begin †." But we have more compassion. Authors, in this point at least, are more fortunate than eels; for while the march of improvement has, thanks to Mr. Ude's invention, promoted them from merely being flayed, to being broiled. alive, between the bars,—the same march has influenced us to spare novelists, on this point, altogether. But we have other reasons besides those which refer to the authors, which, perhaps, our maligners

^{*} See article on Sympathetic Numbers, in our Magazine for last month. Third Series, No. IX. + Ed. Rev., June, 1818. no. 3 saul se and beneveed at od tant garrele

may say, have had a very preponderating share in influencing our

For, in the second place, we abstain from the abridgment above alluded to for the sake of our readers. Those who have already read the work under infliction, don't want our abstract—think it an unpardonable bore-and, perhaps, skip the rest of the article in consequence -thereby depriving themselves of the benefit of those judicial dicta, by which their opinion should have been for ever regulated. Those who have not read the book, like it, perhaps, for the moment; but, when they do get the work, they are sure to anathematize our having spoiled their pleasure in the story, in terms not quite consistent with

either their religious or polite duties.

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We now come to our last, and (in this instance belying Shakspeare) of course least, motive: we do not attempt the afore-named task for the sake of ourselves. It is the most irksome, the most difficult, the most wearying, and the most unthanked of all a reviewer's operations. To get the pith of three volumes into three pages may, perhaps, considering how much pith there generally is in three volumes, be esteemed no very Herculean labour. But it is to be recollected, that a story is not the shorter for being bad-generally quite the reverse, as the feeders at "great men's feasts" can safely testify. It will take as much labour to abstract a long string of twaddle as a long string of force or brilliancy. In either case the labour is abominable-for it is very annoving to be conscious that you are spoiling that which is excellentand still more so to feel that you are wasting your work upon trash.

For these reasons, therefore—and we think them all excellent—we shall give no précis of the story of the 'Disowned.' Indeed our reasons apply here, as Vellum would say, with a "four-fold" force—for there are four stories in the book—two big, and two little.

Of the two big ones, that which has given the title to the book is certainly the less important, the less wrought-out-and that on which the author has, manifestly, not staked the higher reputation of his work. It is, however, the longer and the lighter-and for these reasons probably was selected for the honour of giving name to the whole. In this instance, indeed, there is much similarity to the arrangement of Pelham'-for, in that, the more important story is not that of the hero-indeed, the hero has, there, scarcely any story at all. But this resemblance extends only to the disposition of the materials, not to their character; for, while Sir Reginald Glanville's history is one whose interest arises from the representation of the warmest, the deepest, and the most ferocious passions, that of Algernon Mordaunt, although feeling mingles with it much, is manifestly chiefly employed in developing a mind devoted to the highest order of moral speculation.

Clarence Linden, the Disowned, is, on the other hand-not, certainly, frivolous like Pelham-but gay, buoyant, light-hearted, and ever looking-onward cheerfully. Even the "cross" which occurs to his love, though it affects him vehemently at the moment, does not long hang heavy on his mind. He reminded us, indeed, of the ordinary manufacture of the Waverley heroes-handsome, gay, gallant, and successful-but with no great force of character, or depth of mind. Consi: dering that he is disowned, and at first, though never in distress, yet

relatively exceedingly poor,—his sudden prosperity, and the means by which it is acquired, are somewhat novelish. He rescues an old gentleman, a bachelor, from murder by burglars, -who forthwith adopts him-and makes an excuse, not much needed it seems by either party, of a relationship which is not explained to the reader till the end of the book, to provide for him entirely. He procures him an appointment as an attaché to an embassy, and declares his intention of leaving him his whole fortune. The character of this old gentleman, by name Talbot, is drawn, we think, with great tact and skill. His story, which he tells his adopted son, forms one of the episodes to which we have alluded. With an absolute episode, where you go through the subject at once and have done with it, we do not very much quarrel; and this is certainly quite sufficiently connected with the main work. When the hero is adopted by Mr. Talbot, whose character, also, has been previously shewn as strongly marked, -it is, we think, quite fair to give us an account of what made him as he is. The worst of it is that, under the circumstances represented, it is a moral impossibility that Clarence Linden should ever have become acquainted with Mr. Talbot at all. They meet first at the table-d'hôte of the painfully vulgar house where Clarence lodges. Now it is quite out of the question that a man of the extreme, even excessive, refinement of the old gentleman, could ever have sat down at Mr. Copperas's table. The author sees the difficultyand attempts an excuse for it, on the score of the vanity, which he makes the grand foundation of Talbot's character: but it would be just as probable that, like the lady in the ballad, he should wish to dine with his "swine" in "a silver trough," for the sake of the grunts of approbation of that respected quadruped.

But there is another, and a graver, inconsistency in the character of Talbot. In the account of his life, his vanity drives him to an act of cruel and brutal unmanliness, with reference to the woman he loves, which is, as it seems to us, wholly incompatible with the excellent and actively amiable heart which he displays in every action throughout all that part the book where he is on the present scene. It is true he has profited by his faults, and the misfortunes arising out of them. But we think no man so kind and benevolent as Talbot is represented, could ever have behaved as he did to the woman of his love. We must give his account of this-though we fear that, in so doing, we shall be exciting disgust against a man for whom we have a very great kindness of feeling-probably from the conviction that the person whom we are fond of must be a different one from the hero of the episode of a vain man. This opens with a description of the effects of his overweening desire of superiority, even in the most trifling, and almost the meanest things, at Eton,* at Oxford, and on his debût in the world.

^{*} The instance of the fierce jealousy, and its awful consequences, which he conceives against one of his school-fellows for balancing a stick upon his chin, which he himself cannot do, is so daringly singular and unnatural, that we are convinced the author founds the statement upon a fact. No one, we think, could present such an anecdote to his readers, unless he were provided, in return to their exclamation of 'how unnatural!'—with the answer 'that may be, but it happened.' At all events, we think it either has taken place, or it never could. We do not fear our readers—for, of course, they are all discriminating readers—accusing us of a bull for this last expression.

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When he enters this last, Mr. Talbot is aware that "though rich, highborn, and good looking, he possessed not one of these three qualities in that eminence which could alone satisfy his love of superiority, and desire of effect." "I knew," he says, "this somewhat humiliating truth, for though vain, I was not conceited. Vanity, indeed, is the very antidote to conceit; for while the former makes us all nerve to the opinion of others, the latter is perfectly satisfied with its opinion of itself." He therefore determines to excel every one "in the grace and consummateness of manner"—in a word, to be the most successful man in society of his day. He succeeds, and is "courted, followed, flattered, and sought by the most envied of fastidious circles in England, and even in Paris." He is at this climax of success when comes "the great era of his life, Love."

Among my acquaintance, was Lady Mary Walden, a widow of high birth, and noble, though not powerful connexions. She lived about twenty miles from London, in a beautiful retreat; and though not rich, her jointure, rendered ample by economy, enabled her to indulge her love of society. Her house was always as full as its size would permit, and I was among the most welcome of its visiters. She had an only daughter—even now through the dim mists of years, that beautiful and fairy form rises still and shining before me, undimmed by sorrow, unfaded by time. Caroline Walden was the object of general admiration, and her mother, who attributed the avidity with which her invitations were accepted by all the wits and elegants of the day to the charms of her own conversation, little suspected the face and wit of her daughter to be the magnet of attraction. I had no idea at that time of marriage, still less could I have entertained such a notion, unless the step had greatly exalted my rank and prospects.

The poor and powerless Caroline Walden was therefore the last person for whom I had what the jargon des mères terms 'serious intentions.' However I was struck with her exceeding loveliness, and amused by the vivacity of her manners: moreover, my vanity was excited by the hope of distancing all my competitors for the smiles of the young beauty. Accordingly, I laid myself out to please, and neglected none of those subtle and almost secret attentions, which, of all flatteries, are the most delicate and successful; and I succeeded. Caroline loved me with all the earnestness and devotion which characterize the love of woman. It never occurred to her that I was only trifling with those affections which it seemed so ardently my intention to win. She knew that my fortune was large enough to dispense with the necessity of fortune with my wife, and in birth she would have equalled men of greater pretensions to myself; added to this, long adulation had made her sensible, though not vain, of her attractions, and she listened with a credulous ear to the insinuated flatteries I was so well accustomed to instil.

Never shall I forget—no, though I double my present years—the shock, the wildness of despair with which she first detected the selfishness of my homage; with which she saw that I had only mocked her trusting simplicity; and that while she had been lavishing the richest treasures of her heart before the burning altars of Love, my idol had been Vanity, and my offerings deceit. She tore herself from the profanations of my grasp; she shrouded herself from my presence. All interviews with me were rejected; all my letters returned to me unopened; and though, in the repentance of my heart, I entreated, I urged her to accept vows that were no longer insincere, her pride became her punishment, as well as my own. In a moment of bitter and desperate feeling, she accepted the offers of another, and made the marriage bond a fatal and irrevocable barrier to our reconciliation and union.

Oh! how I now cursed my infatuation! how passionately I recalled the past! how coldly I turned from the hollow and false world, to whose service

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y t I had sacrificed my happiness, to muse and madden over the prospects I had destroyed, and the loving and noble heart I had rejected! Alas! after all, what is so ungrateful as that world for which we renounce so much? Its votaries resemble the Gymnosophistæ of old, and while they profess to make their chief end pleasure, we can only learn that they expose themselves to every torture and every pain!"

Caroline, now become Lady Merton, mixes largely in the great world, and she and Talbot often meet. She at first assumes indifference, if she feels it not; and this coldness "galls to the very quick the morbid acuteness of his self-love." He again attacks her:—

I spare you and myself the gradual progress of my schemes. A woman may recover her first passion, it is true; but then she must replace it with another. That other was denied to Caroline: she had not even children to engross her thoughts and to occupy her 'prodigal' affections; and the gay world, which to many become an object, was to her only an escape.

Clarence, my triumph came! Lady Walden (who had never known our secret) invited me to her house: Caroline was there. In the same spot where we had so often stood before, and in which her earliest affections were insensibly breathed away, in that same spot, my arm encircled her, and I drew from her colourless and trembling lips, the confession of her weakness, the restored and pervading power of my remembrance.

But Caroline was a proud and virtuous woman: even while her heart betrayed her, her mind resisted; and in the very avowal of her unconquered attachment, she renounced and discarded me for ever.

This again irritates his vanity. He could, he says, have consented to part from her for ever—but then the sentence of separation must have sprung from himself. However, for the time, he suppresses

these feelings, and buries himself in the country with his books:-

But I was then too bound to the world not to be perpetually reminded of its events. My retreat was thronged with occasional migrators from London; my books were mingled with the news and scandal of the day. All spoke to me of Lady Merton; not as I loved to picture her to myself, pale and sorrowful, and brooding over my image; but gay, dissipated, the dispenser of smiles, the prototype and deity of joy. I contrasted this account of her with the melancholy and gloom of my own feelings, and I resented as an insult to myself, that which I ought to have rejoiced at, as an engrossment

In this angry and fretful mood I returned to London. My empire was soon resumed; and now, Linden, comes the most sickening part of my confessions. Vanity is a growing and insatiable disease: what seems to its desires as wealth to-day, to-morrow it rejects as poverty. I was at first contented to know that I was beloved; by degrees, slow, yet sure, I desired that others should know it also. I longed to display my power over the celebrated and courted Lady Merton; and to put the last crown to my reputation and importance. The envy of others is the food of our own self-love. Oh, you know not, you dream not, of the galling mortifications to which a proud woman, whose love commands her pride, is subjected. I imposed upon Caroline the most humiliating, the most painful tasks; I would allow her to see none but those I pleased; to go to no place, where I withheld my consent; and I hesitated not to exert and testify my power over her affections, in proportion to the publicity of the opportunity.

Yet, with all this littleness, would you believe that I loved Caroline with the most ardent and engrossing passion? I have paused behind her, in order to kiss the ground she trod on; I have staid whole nights beneath her window, to catch one glimpse of her passing form, even though I had spent

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hours of the day-time in her society; and though my love burned and consumed me like a fire, I would not breathe a single wish against her innocence, or take advantage of my power to accomplish what I knew, from her virtue and pride, no atonement could possibly repay. Such are the inconsistencies of the heart, and such, while they prevent our perfection, redeem us from the utterness of vice. Never, even in my wildest days, was I blind to the glory of virtue, yet never, till my latest years, have I enjoyed the faculty to avail myself of my perception. I resembled the mole, which by Boyle is supposed to possess the idea of light, but to be unable to comprehend the objects on which it shines.

Among the varieties of my prevailing sin, was a weakness, common enough to worldly men. While I ostentatiously played off the love I had excited, I could not bear to show the love I felt. In our country, and, perhaps, though in a less degree, in all other highly artificial states, enthusiasm, or even feeling of any kind, is ridiculous; and I could not endure the thought that my treasured and secret affections should be dragged from their retreat, to be cavilled and carped at by

Every beardless, vain comparative.

This weakness brought on the catastrophe of my love; for, mark me, Clarence, it is through our weaknesses that our vices are punished. One night I went to a masquerade; and while I was sitting in a remote corner, three of my acquaintances, whom I recognized, though they knew it not, approached and rallied me upon my romantic attachment to Lady Merton. One of them was a woman of a malicious and sarcastic wit; the other two were men whom I disliked, because their pretensions interfered with mine; they were diners-out, and anecdote-mongers. Stung to the quick by their sarcasms and laughter, I replied in a strain of mingled arrogance and jest; at last I spoke slightingly of the person in question; and these profane and false lips dared not only to disown the remotest love to that being who was more to me than heaven and earth, but even to speak of herself with ridicule, and her affection with disdain.

In the midst of this, I turned and beheld, within hearing, a figure which I knew upon the moment. O God! the burning shame and agony of that glance!—It raised its mask—I saw that blanched cheek, and that trembling lip; and I knew that the iron had indeed entered into her soul.

Clarence, I never beheld her again alive. Within a week from that time she was a corpse. She had borne much, suffered much, and murmured not; but this shock pressed too hard, came too home, and from the hand of him for whom she would have sacrificed all! I stood by her in death; I beheld my work; and I turned away, a wanderer and a pilgrim upon the face of the earth. Verily, I have had my reward.

This is dreadful—this is horrible. The first impulse on reading it is to shrink with disgust from the man who, under any circumstances, could have acted thus; and undoubtedly that impulse is the true and just feeling. The very extent of this disgust, however, proves the vigour and nature of the writing; and accordingly, when the impression of the invented scene, as such, has sufficiently subsided for us to look back to it critically, we cannot but admire the conception for its originality (—though we recoil from its nature—) as well as the force and fire with which it is rendered. And, omitting this moral blot, and, speaking only of the composition of this episode, we, as critics, in turning over the leaves again, after having finished the book, light with the more pleasure upon it, from its frank, free, and rapid tone being in contradistinction to the over-wrought, exaggerated language, which in many of the passages of meditative suffering, forms, as we

have already hinted, the main blemish of the book. We are more than ever convinced that the delineation of passion is the forte of the author of "Pelham."

We have given so much space to this first episode, that we have really none left for that of the young painter. Its conception we think fine and (metaphysically) true to nature. And the execution is most successfully, but, perhaps, somewhat unpleasantly, painful. We have added the word "metaphysically," in the sentence above, from our thinking that there is an inconsistency, in a practical point of view, in an artist who is represented as having so much genius, not having had more cultivation in his art, or not perceiving the want of it. Altogether, we think this character, though very painful to contemplate, nay perhaps one from which, as we read, we wish to get free, could not have been wrought as it is by a person of any thing like ordinary talents.

We are aware that we ought now to accompany the hero through the book; but really we do not know how. There is no plot-and we say this without fear of annoying the author, for he expresses his contempt of plots in his Introduction-Linden's love, like Pelham's, is scarcely at all wrought out ; - (we like Lady Flora's letters to her friend, however, very much;)—and we want for other things the space which extracting a single scene would take. But, before we turn to the story of Mordaunt, on which we purpose being somewhat more explicit, we must say that there are several of the minor characters of the book whom we wish to abuse a little. Lord Aspeden, the ambassador, is impossible, physically and morally. In the first place, a man professing, and bragging of his skill in, the trade of compliments could never have made every one of them an insult. In the next, he never could have been an ambassador six months—for the court to which he was sent would, certainly, before that time have remonstrated with his Britannic Majesty for accrediting a natural fool. So much for the moral impossibility—the physical consists in the fact that talking as he is represented to do, he, beyond all question, would have been thrown out of window by some ill-natured, thick-headed countrygentleman at least twenty years before the book begins. Trollolop, the peculiar charm of writing whose name we can by no means perceive, though the author declares there is no such oblectation under the sun-Trollolop, (no! we cannot discover the delight for the life of us,) the metaphysician, is an overstrained caricature;—and the baronet "with a good heart," is another caricature which we are very sorry to see drawn. Good hearts are not so common as to need to be sneered down. We think that it is by no means usual for excellent feeling to be coupled with extreme weakness; nay, so little are we of that opinion, that we believe that, for one instance in which a good heart does harm by being coupled, as in this case, with a weak head, there are fifty in which a bad, a corrupted, a cold, or a callous heart does harm, let the head with which it is coupled be what it may. Moreover, caricaturing good feeling is a sort of homage to those possessed of bad-and it is one in which they especially delight.

We now come to the (in point of importance) main subject of the work; viz. the character of Algernon Mordaunt. Into his story we

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must enter a little, seeing that, strange to say! the development of his character is somewhat influenced by the force of the circumstances which occur to him. He is, first, introduced to us by his horse kicking the hero, Clarence Linden, in the yard of a country-inn; which occasions some intercourse of civility between them. But then they do not meet again for several years, and nearly three volumes-not, indeed, till after the real catastrophe of Mordaunt's story, though the most elaborate part of his philosophy is given atterwards. We fear our first extract will be rather a long one; but it describes, and, as we think, very skilfully, happily, and delicately, the causes which laid the foundation for his very peculiar, but very estimable, character :-

Algernon Mordaunt was the last son of an old and honourable race, which had centuries back numbered princes in its line. His parents had had many children, but all (save Algernon, the youngest) died in their infancy. His mother perished in giving him birth. Constitutional infirmity, and the care of mercenary nurses, contributed to render Algernon a weakly and delicate child; hence came a taste for lonelinesss and a passion for study, and from these sprung on the one hand the fastidiousness and reserve, which render us unamiable, and on the other the loftiness of spirit and the kindness of heart, which are the best and earliest gifts of literature, and more than counterbalance our deficiencies in the "minor morals" due to society, by their tendency to increase our attention to the greater ones belonging to mankind. Mr. Mordaunt was a man of luxurious habits and gambling propensities: wedded to London, he left the house of his ancestors to moulder in desertion and decay; but to this home, Algernon was constantly consigned during his vacations from school; and its solitude and cheerlessness, joined to a disposition naturally melancholy and thoughtful, gave those colours to his temper which subsequent events were calculated to deepen, not efface.

Truth obliges us to state, despite our partiality to Mordaunt, that when he left his school, after a residence of six years, it was with the bitter distinction of having been the most unpopular boy in it. Why, nobody could exactly explain, for his severest enemies could not accuse him of ill-nature, cowardice, or avarice, and these make the three capital offences of a school-boy; but Algernon Mordaunt had already acquired the knowledge of himself, and could explain the cause, though with a bitter and swelling heart. His ill health, his long residence at home, his unfriended and almost orphan situation, his early habits of solitude and reserve, all these, so calculated to make the spirit shrink within itself, made him, on his entrance at school, if not unsocial, appear so: this was the primary reason of his unpopularity; the second was, that he perceived, for he was sensitive (and consequently acute) to the extreme, the misfortune of his manner, and in his wish to rectify it, it became doubly unprepossessing; to reserve, it now added embarrassment, to coldness, gloom; and the pain he felt in addressing or being addressed by another, was naturally and necessarily reciprocal, for the effects of sympathy are nowhere so wonderful, yet so invisible, as in the manners.

By degrees he shunned the intercourse which had for him nothing but distress, and his volatile acquaintance were perhaps the first to set him the example. Often in his solitary walks he stopped afar off to gaze upon the sports, which none ever solicited him to share; and as the shout of laughter and of happy hearts came, peal after peal, upon his ear, he turned enviously, yet not malignantly away, with tears, which not all his pride could curb, and

muttered to himself, "And these, these hate me!"

There are two feelings common to all high or affectionate natures, that of extreme susceptibility to opinion, and that of extreme bitterness at its injustice. These feelings were Mordaunt's; but the keen edge which one blow injures, the repetition blunts; and, by little and little, Algernon be-

came not only accustomed, but, as he persuaded himself, indifferent to his want of popularity; his step grew more lofty, and his address more collected, and that which was once diffidence, gradually hardened into pride.

His residence at the university was neither without honour nor profit. A college life was then, as now, either the most retired or the most social of all others; I need scarcely say which it was to Mordaunt, but his was the age when solitude is desirable, and when the closet forms the mind better than the world. Driven upon itself, his intellect became inquiring, and its resources profound; admitted to their inmost recesses, he revelled among the treasures of ancient lore, and in his dreams of the Nymph and Naiad, or his researches after truth in the deep wells of the Stagyrite or the golden fountains of Plato, he forgot the loneliness of his lot, and exhausted the hoarded enthusiasm of his soul.

But his mind, rather thoughtful than imaginative, found no idol like "divine philosophy." It delighted to plunge itself into the mazes of meta-physical investigation—to trace the springs of the intellect—to connect the arcana of the universe-to descend into the darkest caverns, or to wind through the minutest mysteries of nature, and rise, step by step, to that arduous elevation on which Thought stands dizzy and confused, looking beneath upon a clouded earth, and above, upon an unfathomable heaven.

Rarely wandering from his chamber, known personally to few, and intimately to none, Algernon yet left behind him at the university the most remarkable reputation of his day. He had obtained some of the highest of academical honours, and by that proverbial process of vulgar minds which ever frames the magnificent from the unknown,—the seclusion in which he lived, and the recondite nature of his favourite pursuits, attached to his name a still greater celebrity and interest, than all the orthodox and regular dignities he had acquired. There are few men who do not console themselves for not being generally loved, if they can reasonably hope that they are generally esteemed. Mordaunt had now grown reconciled to himself and to his kind. He had opened to his interest a world in his own breast, and it consoled him for his mortification in the world without. But, better than this, his habits as well as studies had strengthened the principles and confirmed the nobility of his mind. He was not, it is true, more kind, more benevolent, more upright than before; but those virtues now emanated from principle—not emotion.

We have often thought that principle to the mind is what a free constitution is to a people: without that principle, or that free constitution, the one may be for the moment as good—the other as happy, but we cannot tell how long the goodness and the happiness will continue.

This, we think, is good. It combines strong sense and amiable feeling; and is (almost entirely) free from the chief faults of this work. Mordaunt goes from the university to London, where he finds how little his ideas and feelings coincide with his father's. His father seems wretched and ashamed in his son's presence-the reasons for which afterwards but too fearfully appear-viz., that he has, with something very like dishonesty, deprived him of his inheritance. He sends him abroad. On Algernon's return, his father is dead.

He had not been long returned, before he found two enemies to his tranquillity—the one was love, the other appeared in the more formidable guise of a claimant to his estate. Before Algernon was aware of the nature of the latter, he went to consult with his lawyer.

"If the claim be just, I shall not, of course, proceed to law," said

"But without the estate, Sir, you have nothing!"
"True," said Algemon, calmly.
But the claim was not just, and to law he went.

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The person with whom Mordaunt is in love, is the niece of an old Indian General, who objects to the match, in consequence of the law-suit—while a cousin of Mordaunt, who is inclined to assist him, also protests against the marriage, on the score of the "new blood" of the lady's family. The general and his sister are represented as people considerably more intolerable than is easily consistent with possibility: and their exceeding brutality, conjoined with the endeavour to force upon Isabel an odious match, drives her to the extremity of running away with Mordaunt. We confess we are both too delicate and too indelicate to approve of the ideas which the author puts into her head, upon her elopement. She knows that their marriage will go near to ruin her lover, by depriving him of the countenance and assistance, and ultimately the succession, of his rich relation. She therefore forms an idea of —— but really, it is too nice a matter for us to substitute our words for the author's:—

She was a person of acute, and even poignant sensibilities, and these the imperfect nature of her education had but little served to guide or to correct; but as her habits were pure and good, the impulses which spring from habit were also sinless and exalted, and if they erred, "they leant to virtue's side," and partook rather of a romantic and excessive generosity than of the weakness of womanhood or the selfishness of passion. All the misery and debasement of her equivocal and dependant situation had not been able to drive her into compliance with Mordaunt's passionate and urgent prayers; and her heart was proof even to the eloquence of love when that eloquence pointed towards the worldly injury and depreciation of her lover; but this new persecution was utterly unforeseen in its nature, and intolerable from its cause. To marry another—to be torn for ever from one in whom her whole heart was wrapped—to be forced not only to forego his love, but to feel that the very thought of him was a crime; all this, backed by the vehement and galling insults of her relations, and the sullen and unmoved meanness of her intended bridegroom, who answered her candour and confession with a sort of stubborn indifference and an unaltered address, made a load of evil, which could neither be borne with resignation, nor contemplated with patience; yet, even amidst all the bitterness of her soul, and the incoherent desperation in which her letter to Mordaunt had been penned, she felt a sort of confused resolution that he should not be the sacrifice.

In extreme youth, and still preserving more than childish innocence, she did not exactly perceive the nature of her trust in Mordaunt; nor the consequences of any other tie with him than the sacred one of marriage; but she had read and heard of women, in their noble and fond devotedness, sacrificing all for love, and she had internally resolved that she would swell their number, rather than cost him a single loss or deprivation. To sacrifice for Algernon Mordaunt—what happpiness, what pride in the thought! and that thought reconciled her to the letter she wrote, and the prayer which it contained. Poor girl! little did she conceive that in the eyes of the world that sacrifice, that self-devotion, would have been the greatest crime she could

commit.

Now, this we cannot but be old-fashioned enough to consider very false sentiment. We do not—as we doubt not, the author will give us credit for—look upon it merely with the straight-forward worldly judgment which, in this case, would be a very unjust one. We can conceive such ideas to exist in a young person's mind quite compatibly with purity. But we cannot but regard the reasoning as wholly false—and, we think, the author ought to have shewn this, instead of ending in a tone carrying forgiveness almost into approbation. Were there no

other point save one—the fate of the children—that alone ought to shew the iniquity of the measure. We think such matters had better not be touched upon at all-but when they are, an author should

not leave them in this equivocal state.

Mordaunt, of course, will not listen to such an arrangement. They are married, and go to reside at Mordaunt-hall, a place on the antiquity and the patrician character of all the appointments of which the author loves to dwell. Indeed, his reverence for mere antiquity of descent, which peeps forth very frequently, manifestly has a stronger hold upon his mind than we should have thought quite in consonance with some other of its qualities. There is another bent also-which we cannot but lament and condemn most strongly-of a nature peculiarly, we should have thought, discrepant from the metaphysical tastes which are so much brought forward, with which we are presented immediately upon Mordaunt taking his bride home. We allude to a belief in omens and prognostics: it is not only brought forward in the passage we are about to notice, where the circumstance described might almost be taken as the hallucination of a romantic mind, but it is seriously repeated by the author himself in a subsequent part of the book, with other circumstances which he uses every privilege of authorship to impress upon the reader's mind as facts :-

We said the autumn and winter were gone; and it was in one of those latter days in March, when, like a hoyden girl subsiding into dawning womanhood, the rude weather mellows into a softer and tenderer month, that, by the side of a stream, overshadowed by many a brake and tree, from which the young blossoms sent " a message from the spring," sate two

" I know not, dearest Algernon," said one, who was a female, " if this is not almost the sweetest month in the year, because it is the month of

Ay, Isabel; and they did it wrong who called it harsh, and dedicated it to Mars. I exult even in the fresh winds which hardier frames than mine shrink from, and I love feeling their wild breath fan my cheek as I ride against it.

' And so do I," said Isabel, softly; " for the same winds which come to

my cheek must have kissed yours."

"I remember," said Algernon, musingly, " that on this very day three years ago, I was travelling through Germany, alone and on horseback, and I stood not far from Ens, on the banks of the Danube; the waters of the river were disturbed and fierce, and the winds came loud and angry against my face, dashing the spray of the waves upon me, and filling my spirits with a buoyant and glad delight; and at that time I had been indulging old dreams of poetry, and had laid my philosophy aside; and, in the inspiration of the moment, I lifted up my hand towards the quarter from whence the winds came, and questioned them audibly of their birth-place, and their bourne; and as the enthusiasm increased, I compared them to our human life, which a moment is, and then is not; and, proceeding from folly to folly, I asked them, as if they were the weird interpreters of heaven, for a type and sign of my future lot."
"And what said they?" inquired Isabel, smiling, yet smiling timidly.

"They answered not," replied Mordaunt; "but a voice within me seemed to say—'Look above!' and I raised my eyes, but I did not see thee, love so the Book of Fate lied."

" Nay, Algernon, what did you see?" asked Isabel, more earnestly than

the question deserved.

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"I saw a thin cloud, alone amidst many dense and dark ones scattered around; and as I gazed, it seemed to take the likeness of a funeral procession—coffin, bearers, priest, all—as clear in the cloud as I have seen them on the earth, and I shuddered as I saw; but the winds blew the vapour onwards, and it mingled with the broader masses of cloud; and then, Isabel, the sun shone forth for a moment, and I mistook, love, when I said you were not there, for that sun was you; but suddenly the winds ceased, and the rain came on fast and heavy: so my romance cooled, and my fever slaked—I thought on the inn at Ens, and the blessings of a wood fire, which s lighted in a moment, and I spurred on my horse accordingly."

We conclude the anniversary of this omen is doomed to be unfortunate; inasmuch as, before they reach home, a letter arrives announcing the unfavourable termination of the law-suit—which, in fact, is ruin.

There is, then, a gap of four years in the course of the story, and for above half a volume we are carried among the gay mazes of fashionable life with Clarence Linden. Of a sudden, we have Mordaunt and his wife again placed before us-in abject want. Mordaunt bears another name, and it is some time before his identity with Glendower is officially announced to the reader. But as it is quite clear that they are one and the same, this very transparent mystery seems to He is represented as earning a very scanty livelihood by writings which, "then obscure and unknown, were destined, years afterwards, to excite the vague admiration of the crowd, and the deeper homage of the wise." The attachment existing between his wife and himself is depicted as most tender and extreme; and, where they first are introduced to the reader after the lacune we have mentioned, she comes and endeavours to take him from his work, prolonged into extreme lateness, in a manner undoubtedly very touchingly given. then, the scene is prolonged greatly too much, and deteriorates into that fatal over-writing—that allowing a heap of gorgeous words to assume the place of ideas—which throws so great a blemish over several parts of this book. For instance, we will not speak in caricature, which, in this case, would be most easy-but is the following natural, for a husband, although in a mood of reflection, to say to his wife, beautiful and affectionate though she be? We will give him in our extract all the advantages of circumstance and situation thrown around him by the author:-

And they walked to the window and looked forth. All was hushed and still in the narrow street; the cold grey clouds were hurrying fast along the sky, and the stars, weak and waning in their light, gleamed forth at rare intervals upon the mute city like the expiring watch-lamps of the dead.

They leaned out, and spoke not; but when they looked above upon the metancholy heavens, they drew nearer to each other, as if it were their natural instinct to do so, whenever the world without seemed discouraging and sad.

at length the student broke the silence; but his thoughts, which were wandering and disjointed, were breathed less to her than vaguely and unconscipusly to himself. "Morn breaks—another and another!—day upon day!—while we drag on our load like the blind beast which knows not when the but hen shall be cast off, and the hour of rest be come."

The woman pressed his hand to her bosom, but made no rejoinder—she knew his mood—and the student continued.

"And so life frets itself away! Four years have passed over our seclusion—fear years! a great segment in the little circle of our mortality; and of

those years what day has pleasure won from labour, or what night has sleep snatched wholly from the lamp? Weaker than the miser, the insatiable and restless mind traverses from east to west; and from the nooks, and corners, and crevices of earth collects, fragment by fragment, grain by grain, atom by atom, the riches which it gathers to its coffers—for what?—to starve amidst the plenty! The fantasies of the imagination bring a ready and substantial return: not so the treasures of thought. Better that I had renounced the soul's labour for that of its hardier frame—better that I had 'sweated in the eye of Phœbus, than 'eat my heart with crosses and with cares,'-seeking truth and wanting bread—adding to the indigence of poverty its humiliation; —wroth with the arrogance of those who weigh in the shallow scales of their meagre knowledge the product of lavish thought, and of the hard hours for which health, and sleep, and spirit have been exchanged;—sharing the lot of those who would enchant the old serpent of evil, which refuses the voice of the charmer !- struggling against the prejudice and bigoted delusion of the bandaged and fettered herd to whom, in our fond hopes and aspirations, we trusted to give light and freedom;—seeing the slavish judgments we would have redeemed from error, clashing their chains at us in ire; made criminal by our very benevolence;—the martyrs whose zeal is rewarded with persecution, whose prophecies are crowned with contempt !- Better, oh, better that I had not listened to the vanity of a heated brain—better that I had made my home with the lark and the wild bee, among the fields and the quiet hills, where life, if obscurer, is less debased, and hope, if less eagerly indulged, is less bitterly disappointed. The frame, it is true, might have been bowed to a harsher labour, but the heart would at least have had its rest from anxiety, and the mind its relaxation from thought."

Now, do people, however exalted in mind, or rich in learning, ever talk thus? The last part of this tirade really has scarcely any meaning at all. What sort of expressions are "the bandaged and fettered herd," and "slavish judgments clashing their chains at us in ire"? Who ever expressed the sentiment that it would have been better to live in the country by the words—"better if I had made my home with the lark and the wild bee"? Really, here is food for a maligner—but we are not such: we are but sorry when we see fine powers turned to fantastic purposes like these—and we sigh for that sound, clear, fresh, firm writing, which no one better than this author must know is the true test of genius, rather than all such gorgeous emptiness that the

power of words could put together.

Mordaunt's poverty increases, and he is exposed to bitter temptation. The machinery of this is, we think, singularly unskilful. The character of Mr. Crawford, the tempter, may, perhaps, odious as it is, not be incompatible with nature—but the villainous project in which he wishes to involve Mordaunt, so as to save himself, seems to us to be totally, we will not say impossible to execute, but impossible to conceive. And so, we imagine, it seems to the author, too; for he has taken refuge in silence, and never defines the plan itself, however minutely he may go into its consequences. It is first introduced to the reader in the following terms :- " In an extensive scheme of fraud, which for many years this man had carried on, and which for secrecy and boldness was almost unequalled, it had of late become necessary for his safety to have a partner, or rather tool." And the reader knows no more of this scheme to the end of the book. Its grandeur, and complexity, and extent, and duration, are constantly spoken of-but its actual nature is never revealed—or, we should guess, invented. We confess

we can form no idea of the nature of a scheme, the entrance of a second

oan into which is to save the neck of the first.

But, grant that Crauford has in his possession a plan of this kind, the manner in which he urges his temptation is undoubtedly most foribly painted. Mordaunt has, by the death of the bookseller from whom he has derived his very scanty supplies, fallen into a state of positive vant of the necessaries of life, and he sees his wife, and his beloved hild also, fading by degrees before his eyes. The picture of this terlible state is drawn with both great force and delicacy-but the sufferings arising from absolute lack of food are such as we cannot but contemplate with almost unmingled pain. There is, however, someing very beautiful in the total absence of every thing like irritation, hastiness, or peevishness, which poverty of this degree might well call forth, occasionally, even in such hearts as these :- but no ;-

The peevishness, the querulous and stinging irritations of want, came not to her affectionate and kindly heart; nor could all those biting and bitter e-ils of fate, which turn the love that is born of luxury into rancour and gall, scathe the beautiful and holy passion which had knit into one those two unearthly natures. They rather clung the closer to each other, as all things in heaven and earth spake in tempest or in gloom around them, and coined their serrows into endearment, and their looks into smiles, and strove each, from the depth of despair, to pluck hope and comfort for the other.

This, it is true, was more striking and constant in her than in Glendower; for in love, man, be he ever so generous, is always outdone. Yet even when, in moments of extreme passion and conflict, the strife broke from his breast in o words, never once was his discontent vented upon her, or his reproaches larished on any but fortune or himself, or his murmurs mingled with a single

breath wounding to her tenderness, or detracting from his love.

Poverty is on them in its most awful power. His wife—a wife like this-and beloved as is here represented, is decaying from absolute went. He is tempted-tempted with offers of instant and most exter sive relief-but its condition is guilt :-

It was, indeed, a mighty and perilous trial to Glendower, when rushing fron the presence of his wife and child-when fainting under accumulated evis-when almost delirious with sickening and heated thought, to hear at each prompting of the wrung and excited nature, each heave of the black fountain that in no mortal breast is utterly exhausted, one smooth, soft, persuasive voice for ever whispering, "Relief!'-relief, certain, utter, instantaneous !- the voice of one pledged never to relax an effort or spare a parg, by a danger to himself, a danger of shame and death-the voice of one who never spake but in friendship and compassion, profound in craft, and a very sage in the disguises with which language invests deeds.

But VIRTUE has resources buried in itself, which we know not, till the inviding hour calls them from their retreats. Surrounded by hosts without, and when nature, itself turned traitor, is its most deadly enemy within, it assumes a new and a super-human power, which is greater than nature itsel. Whatever be its creed-whatever be its sect-from whatever segmen: of the globe its orisons arise, Virtue is God's empire, and from his

throne of thrones He will defend it.

It is most unpleasant, in the midst of such a passage as this, to be drawn from the subject itself to consider, and we fear we must add concern, the composition. But, reading eagerly onward, in a mood as far removed as is possible from that of the critic, we cannot but start and stop short at what immediately follows. The passage just extracted we consider highly eloquent and powerful—that we are about to quote, which is in uninterrupted continuation, seems to us to be really all words. To our mind it conveys no definite idea, it gives rise to no thought—it in fact sacrifices meaning to sound. We extract it as an apt exemplification of the over-writing of which we have complained, and which our readers might begin to think we had over-charged, as we have cited only one instance of it. But there are reasons of every kind to make us extract the beauties rather than the faults:—

The orbs of creation; the islands of light which float in myriads on the ocean of the universe; suns that have no number, pouring life upon worlds that, untravelled by the wings of Seraphim, spread through the depths of space without end; these are to the eye of God but the creatures of a lesser exertion of His power, born to blaze, to testify His glory and to perish! But Virtue is more precious than all worlds—an emanation, an essence of Himself—more ethereal than the angels—more durable than the palaces—of Heaven!—the mightiest masterpiece of Him who set the stars upon their courses, and filled Chaos with an universe! Though cast into this distant earth, and struggling on the dim arena of a human heart, all things above are spectators of its conflict, or enlisted in its cause. The angels have their charge over it—the banners of arch-angels are on its side; and from sphere to sphere, through the illimitable ether, and round the impenetrable darkness, at the feet of God, its triumph is hymned by harps, which are strung to the glories of its Creator!

The one position meant to be laid down in the above passage we admit is discernible; but the illustrations by which it is accompanied are to us wholly incomprehensible. Such images as "suns that have no number,"—" worlds, untravelled by the wings of Seraphim,"—in short, the whole of the mass of figures here collected, give not, as far as we can conceive, any sort of help or ornament to the assertion, which in itself is undoubtedly fine, that the Almighty values Virtue above all his physical creations.

The catastrophe of Mordaunt's story is given with much pathos. In consequence of certain circumstances brought about very naturally, he is restored to his possessions; and the news reach him at the very moment his wife is expiring through the effects of need! She dies comforted and grateful that they will be felt by him no more.

This scene, which is done very touchingly, we call the catastrophe of the story, in contradiction to Mordaunt's own, which does not occur for a volume and a half later. We confess, we think it would have been better if it had ended in this place*. Not that we in any degree desire to lose either the general metaphysical discussion which the author, somewhat amusingly, places in one mass together, with a note to direct the impatient reader who may not relish such topics, where he may skip to;—we do not, we say, desire to lose either this, or the more general description of Mordaunt's mind and feelings in the latter part of the book. But, we confess, we think by far the greater part of them, certainly the whole of the formal disquisition, might be placed earlier with equal effect. We admit that the description of the progress of the daughter is done with much delicacy and interest—al-

^{*} Of course we are here speaking only of Mordaunt's branch of the book.

though, probably, at too great length. But we question whether that alone is worthy of prolonging the tale;—and the whole circumstances of his death, with its very improbable physical means, and all its omens and foreshadowings morally, we would very willingly give up. We may here add, that the character of the immediate agent of his death, Wolfe the republican, is very powerfully, though very painfully, drawn.

We have gone too much at length into the consideration of this book to venture upon the metaphysical lecture to which we have already alluded. It would, indeed, take an essay in itself to do fair and full justice to it;—for that which formed the excuse of its existence in its present shape, is likewise ours for not discussing it—viz., that such things should be done fully and thoroughly, or not at all. We must say, however, that, in our humble jndgment, we think it dis-

plays both much thought and much information.

Neither shall we, for the same reasons, and for others above hinted, (—to say nothing of our fear of boring our readers with a dose of double-distilled metaphysics—viz., once by the author and once by us—) give any further précis of Mordaunt's course. There are in it some touches of great power, and several of very amiable feeling. But we must again express our annoyance at the host of omens, physical as well as moral—"gouts of blood," for instance, on the floor,—which precede Mordaunt's death. Surely these are not the results of the

study of morals in their elevated sense.

There is another point, also, which came across us very unpleasantly: viz., those passages—and there are, we think, three of considerable length—in which the author speaks of himself and his feelings in very lavish detail. These things are real, fictitious, or a mixture of both—and, in any case, it would be much better taste to omit them; more especially as a lady—whose connection with himself it is impossible to mistake—is constantly alluded to, nay, directly invoked, throughout these very singular passages, in a manner which, to say the least of it, gives the reader very awkward feelings. We hope, if the work run to a second edition, these may be omitted. The four volumes could spare that much.

On the whole, we do not think there is anything in the Disowned so good as the very best parts of Pelham; but there is nothing (unless it be the Copperases, or some bits of Mr. Brown) that is not much better than its inferior parts. We think the Disowned evinces much more mind than the former work—more sound and valuable information; and, at all events, that it confirms beyond a doubt, the belief that the

of elgens, or warms, the arrived event

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author of these books is anything but an ordinary person.

1829.]

A LOOKING-GLASS FOR LONDON.

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No. I .- THE TOWER.

A CHANCE circumstance caused me, a few days ago, to make a visit in the Tower. "Well, if I am to go to the Tower," I exclaimed, "I

will see it in due form, throughout."

When I arrived there, I found that my friend whom I went to visit, had taken care that I should see its "curiosities," as they are there technically termed, to the greatest effect-for he had engaged a warder to shew us through them, who himself was as great a curiosity as any he displayed. He was the very beau ideal of what the cicerone of such a place should be. His veneration for every thing he displayed—his pertinacity in sticking to the established text, when any little historical discrepancy caused us to put some questions which seemed to impugn the received reading-and above all, his mingled sorrow, hatred, and scorn of the doings of Dr. Meyrick in putting the armour, in the horse-armoury, into chronological order—these, and divers other similar characteristics, caused our worthy guide to be more thoroughly in keeping with the place than it was possible to hope I wonder Sir Walter Scott has never immortalized this man. He would form the chief attraction of any work in which he might be transferred to the Gothic hall of some old castle-if, indeed, it would not be too great a degradation for the worthy warder to sink from royal to only noble service. He knows full well the difference of degree, as will be seen anon.

We were first taken to the Spanish Armoury, " so called from its containing the spoils of what was vainly called the 'Invincible Armada." At the door are two figures, the analogy of which to either the armoury or the Armada, I vainly attempted to discover. They are representatives of Gin and Beer! These estimable statues are, I suppose, of stone—but, as they are coloured, it is difficult to distinguish their material. One has in his hand a quartern of gin, the other a pot of beer-exceedingly typical of London generally, but how of this particular arsenal, I vainly, even by questions to my erudite guide, attempted to discover. But-oh! Hogarth, let not thy spirit hear!-there is not, as in the immortal representations of Gin Lane and Beer Street, any indication of the terrible difference between the effects of these two civic beverages; -the worthy type of Beer, is, indeed, sturdy and stout as he should be; but eke is he of Gin! There is nothing of the squalor, the disease, the frenzy which are so fearfully represented in Hogarth's print. Would that a copy of it, finely coloured, to attract the eyes of incipient gin-drinkers, were stuck up opposite to every gin-shop in London; with "See the ruin which comes from Blue Ruin," written underneath! And the stout, healthy effigies which represents that liquor at the Tower should be cashiered-or rather some gastronomic Dr. Meyrick should discover that, like the armour, it has been misappropriated, and that in truth the gastronomic representatives of English strength and courage, at the door of the receptacle of the edils of one of their most glorious victories, should be Beef and Beer.

46

Upon entering the Spanish Armoury, I found that there were many English things also—and some of a date prior to the Armada. There is, in particular, a very extraordinary cannon—inasmuch as it, and its fellows, occasioned the English, in days of yore, completely to outwit the French, and beat them by dint of craft instead of dint of blows. It is a wooden cannon, made perfectly to represent an iron one, and which in fact appears so even as you stand near it. It is one of several made by Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, when he besieged Boulogne, in the reign of Henry VIII. He found that the roads were impassable for heavy battering cannon; he, therefore, caused a number of these make-believes to be constructed—fitted them properly in batteries in considerable numbers—and then summoned the garrison, with allusion to his means of destruction. The town surrendered without a shot—which, indeed, on the English side, it would have been difficult

to fire. This cannon is quaintly named Policy.

There are two other weapons, if I may so term one of them, of Henry VIII.'s time, singularly in contrast to each other, as regards their use, and the associations attached to each. The first of these is a large bulky staff—the knob at the top of which contains three matchlock pistols, with a sort of dagger or bayonet in the centre. This is Henry VIII.'s walking staff; and, with it, he is represented to have traversed the streets at night, to see that the city-watch kept good order. There is an anecdote told of him, with reference to this very formidable looking instrument, which shews him more as the bluff, good-humoured King Hal, which he is represented to have been in his youth, and which Shakspeare, with courtly deference to his royal mistress, has too much depicted him in his play, before the long indulgence of self-will made him the heartless and bloody tyrant which he was in the latter part of his reign. The anecdote runs that, one winter's night, when he was playing the Haroun Alraschid, he was encountered by a watchman at the Bridge-foot, who wanted to know what business he had wandering about the city at night with so formidable a weapon as his staff. What the King answered is not on record; but it ended in his being carried off to the Poultry Compter, and there lodged for the night. The strange part of the story is that the luxurious Harry did not then declare who he was-for he was shut up without fire or candle, and became so befrozen, and it would seem, hungry also, that the next day, when the declaration of his rank had freed him, he made a grant of 30 chaldrons of coals and a large allowance of bread, by the year, for ever, to the Poultry Compter, that unhappy night-prisoners might have fair warmth He also granted the parish of St. Magnus, an annual stipend of twenty-three pounds and a mark-and rewarded the constables, who were quaking with fear, for having done their duty. I was assured in the Tower that these grants are still paid-and, which is rather better authority, Maitland, in his History of London, says that they were at the time he wrote.*

This lively and good humoured proceeding is in sad contrast with the other instrument of which I have spoken. It is the axe by which Anne Boleyn was beheaded. The ideas excited by this execution are always

of the colins of

^{*} This work was published in 1756.

most painful; for, without going into the absurd one-sided feelings with which the history of that reign is usually written and read, and crying her up as a martyr, it is quite possible to have the sincerest pity for Anne Boleyn's fate. That her conduct was light and imprudent there can be no doubt-but that there was no evidence, worthy of credit, to prove more—and that there was none to establish the most atrocious of the accusations brought against her, is equally certain. To say nothing of her constant, and very beautiful, declarations of innocence to the last, the spirit in which the whole prosecution was conducted is alone sufficient to excite the strongest commiseration for any party so tried. Guilty or innocent, Henry had determined she should be found guilty—and, once such a resolution was known, there was no chance for the accused. He married Jane Seymour the day after Anne

Bolevn's execution.

This axe, it is said, also inflicted death upon Lord Essex !-The instrument itself is remarkable in formation; the blade is exceedingly broad and large, and the handle, one would think, too slight effectually to wield such a ponderous head. It is made, also, for a lefthanded person. But how remarkable is the moral contrast which the events in which it figured present! Essex, whose whole proceedings after his return from Ireland, were wild and headlong to the most extraordinary extent, is, in every way, as opposite to Anne as it is possible to conceive. Yet there are points of resemblance, too: each had been beloved by the reigning sovereign; and, from the highest favour, sank suddenly into total helplessness. And, faulty as Essex was, it is scarcely possible not to pity him—for his crimes are not of an order to excite the feelings against him. And the story of the ring-which, unlike most of the romantic stories in history, I fully believe to be true-hacknied as it is, always carries something exceedingly touching along with it.

But the Spanish Armoury still deserves its name—for it is nearly filled with the relics of the Armada. In the first place—not that she can be exactly considered a relic of the Armada—is a figure of Queen Elizabeth on horseback, in the dress in which shewent to St. Paul's to return thanksgivings for the defeat of the Armada, but in the attitude in which she viewed and harangued her troops at Tilbury camp. At least so we are assured in a very valuable publication, entitled-" A new and improved History and Description of the Tower of London," which is printed by J. King, College Hill, and sold (besides at divers booksellers) at the Armouries to visiters only, at the moderate price of sixpence.— This effigy of the maiden Queen is covered with " crimson velvet, crimson silk, green velvet, gold lace, white silk, flowers, spangles, diamonds, pearls, &c."-or, to use a military phrase, things which "do duty as such." There is a great deal of skill displayed in the typographical arrangement of this description, in the valuable work abovementioned. It states the Queen to be just outside a magnificent tent, on the south side of which is a transparency representing a vessel arriving with the news of the destruction of the Armada; while at the east and west end of the tent are This word is in the middle of the last line of a right-hand page; the skill of the printer or author determines upon not finishing the line—no—the expectation of the reader is excited—he turns over the leaf hastily—and he finds that

Queen Elizabeth, receiving the intelligence of her victory over the Spaniards, is standing between (Oh! that this might be at the bottom

of my page!) between

"Two standards, taken at St. Eustatia by Admiral Rodney and General Vaughan, in the American war"!—I cannot conceive any arrangement more appropriate—though, to be sure, the awkward lawsuits which continued to be brought for years against those gallant commanders, for the restitution of British property seized with the Dutch, somewhat diminishes the warlike character of the combination. We soon, however, get back to the scenes relating to the Armada, for we find that "The whole is enclosed with a fine representation of Tilbury Fort, in imitation of bricks and hewn stones, on which are placed ten pieces of brass cannon, neatly mounted on proper carriages. These cannon were presented to Charles II. when about nine years of age, to assist him in learning the art of war, by the brass foundery of London." This I readily believe: his majesty's military exploits are exactly in consonance with such a system of education.

There are, however, some very beautiful, and many very curious, arms taken from the Spaniards, stored in this armoury. The description of some of these is irresistibly entertaining—for instance:—

"SPANISH RANCEURS, made in different forms, and intended either to kill men on horseback, to cut the horses' reins, or to pull the men off their horses: at the back are two spikes, which we are told were to

pick the roast beef out of the Englishmen's teeth"!

There are also instruments intended for less kind purposes than supplying the place of a tooth-pick—Cravats, namely, not for the neck, but to "lock the feet, arms, and hands of the English heretics together."—Thumb-screws, of which there were several chests, it is said, on board the Armada. What seemed to me the most curious were shields, with a pistol fixed in the centre, in a manner which would permit the person discharging it to be sheltered in the shield, a small grate being fixed in it, for him to take aim through; and pikes, eighteen feet long, formed to resist cavalry—one end of the weapon resting in the earth, the hold being about the centre, and the remainder of it protruding to resist the attack*. The Spanish general's shield, which was used rather as a standard than a shield, being carried

In the arrangement of the catalogue of these weapons, in the little volume already lauded, is exceedingly curious. Between these Spanish pikes, and the newly-invented tooth-picks, mentioned above, is the following item. "A danish and saxon club, as also a Saxon sword; said to have been used by those violent invaders when they attempted to conquer this country. These are, perhaps, curiosities of the greatest antiquity of any in the Tower, having lain there nearly 900 years." One cannot, I think, but be grateful for the historical information, that the Saxons, as well as the Danes, failed to conquer this country. They chanced, at one time, to form the whole nation; but that was before the Tower was built. Again, between some Spanish poisoned swords, and the Spanish general's halbert, with the Pope's head at the top, is the following, which I copy for the sake of the moral apotphhegm respecting quality and crime so skilfully introduced:—

"A PIECE OF A SCYTHE placed on a pole, being a specimen of weapons taken at the battle of Sedgmoor, in the reign of King James II. They belonged to the Duke of Monmouth, who headed a party of rebels; but as no man's quality ought to be a protection for his crimes, he was taken and shortly after executed for his rebellion, July 15th, 1685."

before him, is certainly a gorgeous thing. There are the labours of Hercules, and a variety of ornaments engraved and embossed upon it;—and an inscription in Roman capitals, which I am surprised to find Maitland, as well as my friend the blue book, which I suppose copied it from him, recording, as an extraordinary fact, to have been done "near a hundred years before the art of printing was known in England."—I shall be glad to know how many years it was before the invention of silk-stockings—for the one appears to me to be every whit as germane to the matter as the other. Several of the Spanish weapons are said to be poisoned: it is easy to say so—but, I confess, I did not remove any doubts I may have had floating in my mind, by running

one of the points into my finger to ascertain.

Lastly, there was the banner, blessed into invincibility by the pope, and given by him at the sailing of an expedition in every respect as unfortunate as any that ever put from shore. I confess, I am proud of the destruction of the Spanish Armada. In general, I hate the clamour usually set up about English military glories—for I have no particular predilection for military glories at all. They, for the most part, consist in an inordinate infliction of death, wounds, and sufferings of every kind physical and moral—and, nearly always, all this is extended from the armies, whose agreeable trade it is to inflict and undergo such things, to the inhabitants of the countries which are so fortunate as to be favoured by their presence; and who receive no pay or decorations whatever for being robbed, outraged, and put to death. When a war, in addition to these merits, has that (which indeed must belong to one side) of being in an unjust cause, I think it is rather an amiable thing to be proud of its glories. English people, gentle and simple, are taught from their childhood to keep up a very disgusting boasting about Cressy, Poitiers*, and Agincourt. Now I wish they would be pleased to call to mind, that the wars in which these actions took place, lasted, with some few intermissions—the chief was a truce in Richard II. and Henry IV.'s reigns—from 1338, when Edward III. landed in France, to 1452, when the final loss of Bordeaux put the coping-stone to our deprivation of our French possessions, with the isolated exception of Calais, which we held in the same peculiar manner that we now do Gibraltar, for about a century longer. I wish that they would call to mind, that besides all the lives lost in battle, sieges, by the fatigue of marches, by being put to death in cold blood after surrender †, and the other ordinary military modes, France was, as the seat of war, subjected, for that century, to miseries, to name the least of which would make the blood curdle. Even the historians of those days, who regarded such things as too ordinary to lay much stress upon them, speak with pitying horror of the outrages to which the inhabitants were subjected by those wandering bands, known in history by the name of Companions—who, fighting on one side or the other (de'il a care which) during the continuance of hostilities, lived on exaction from the population in the intervals. This was for their support; but there was a number of charming varieties of outrage and

At this battle, by the way, the majority of the Black Prince's army consisted of Gascons: I mean of natives of Acquitaine, generally.

[†] Burning garrisons alive was then an approved practice.

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bloodshed for their pleasure. And those historians (gentlemen quite free from mock, or extravagant, humanity, be it recollected) record the devastation of Normandy as making that splendid country so utter a desert, that they prophesied it would be felt "an hundred years thereafter;" and their prophecy came true. Lastly, I would wish the worthy lauders of Cressy and Co. to call to mind that they were fought in a cause so fantastically unjust that, were it not for the unspeakable horrors to which it gave rise, it would be perfectly laughable. Edward III., on his own shewing, had no more right to the crown of France, than I, the gentleman writing the account of his visit to the Tower, have to that of China. And I solemnly assure my readers I am not Ching Ling in disguise.

For these reasons, I always wish people gagged whom I hear boasting of these the victories of "our Edwards and Henrys," or (only the realization of such a wish is beyond hope) that they should be forced to learn a few of the real facts of what they are talking about.

Thus, I have no very sensitive sympathy in our "military glories" generally. But, notwithstanding that, I may be allowed to feel my heart warm at the defeat of the Spanish Armada. In that case, we were attacked for nothing at all-our conduct was wholly defensiveand we (with the wind and weather, it must be owned, a good deal to help us) very heartily thrashed a parcel of fellows who, as the armoury here proves, were coming to put thumb-screws and handcuffs upon our hands and wrists, and to pick our teeth with a nondescript instrument of their invention-not made of a quill. Moreover, there was no seat-of-war business here. We beat them; and they died at once, or escaped-or the weather destroyed them. But we did not commit all manner of outrages upon peaceful and innocent people because we fought with the troops. There is no stain upon this victory-which, though very much exaggerated, because we choose to forget our allies, the gales of wind, was still, and beyond doubt, a very gallant and skilful thing in a military ("naval" would be the modern phrase) point of view, and a national glory, peculiarly gratifying to national feelings, in all.

Next, I went to the Horse Armoury ;- and here the warder's lamentations over despoiled greatness began. For my part, I cannot understand how Dr. Meyrick could ever get the alterations done. How there came to be fingers in the Tower which would take the armour off "kings" and put it upon "lords and knights," I cannot conceive. I fear there must have been some degenerate and un-Towerlike people within the walls, who were seduced by wages, or some such trinket, into working without too minutely inquiring what it was they did. My guide would never have defiled his hand by such a thing, I know full well. Why, the moment we entered the horse armoury, he began saying, "These used to be all kings, but now there are a lot of them lords and knights." Certainly matters are a good deal altered since I was in the Tower last, some (I will not say how many) years ago, when I was a child. Then there was a goodly line of kings, longer far than that of Banquo's children, stretching down from William the Conqueror to George II. Now, with the exception of Edward I., there is nobody before Henry VI., and the

exhibition is no longer, like the play which the amateurs wish for in the song,

Something with nothing but kings.

Alas this is another of the evils which that horrid thing, the march of intellect, is bringing about! Is it not too bad that the authorities of a country like England should grow ashamed of having the effigies of its line of kings, in a public national collection, attired in warlike decorations, half of which any fourth-form-boy could tell them did not exist for centuries after their wearers' death? It is too bad! The government is really beginning to pay some attention to historical accuracy; and to think that it is not creditable to the country for foreigners to come to our national exhibitions, and find them only exhibitions of national ignorance. Nay, and for a trivial point like this, they have literally sacrificed the completeness of the line of kings, and foisted some mere knights among them! And here is an inscription fixing this at a date-Georgio IV. Opt. Max. Regnante; Arthure Duce Wellington, Ordinationum Magistro. Well, if the Duke of Wellington has it written up that he, in his capacity of Master-General of the Ordnance, patronised such doings, there can be no doubt that the reports are true that he is becoming a radical, now he is prime minister.

These, of course, are the sentiments of many of your respectable country gentlemen; and this, doubtless, is the manner in which they express them, when they visit the Tower, for the benefit of Madame—our rosy-cheeked misses between twenty and fourteen—and John who is on his way to enter at Oxford. But, the feelings of my friend the warder are, I am sure, very different from those of the dunderheads*. Their expression was, as my readers will presently see, occasionally ludicrous—but I respected the man for possessing them. It showed he had a good heart. He could not be expected to enter into the motives which caused the changes, and it would be strange indeed if he could behold the metamorphoses of all his old friends unmoved. I always like people who are attached to the persons and places by whom and which they are in the habit of being surrounded—and these kings in armour are a sort of mixture of both. Still, I could not, occasionally, help smiling at some of the worthy old man's remarks, but I never once

did it without a kindly feeling.

The first king in point of date—one might say in nearly all points—is Edward I. He was far from being a good man, but he was close upon being a great king, at least as regarded the realm which he inherited;—cold, stern,—perhaps bloody—as a conqueror, still as a civil governor his merits were great. Almost all kings, in those days, were warriors, and no gentle ones—but few kings either then or since have caused the framing of statutes of Westminster. Edward is in a suit of chain armour, and has on a hauberk, which a poem of decaying popularity has, from one's school recollections, so closely coupled with his image.

From hence we make a jump at once to Henry VI. The juxtapo-

^{*} I don't by any means intend to call all country gentlemen dunderheads: only those of the above description. I have a high respect for a vast number of country gentlemen—especially just now at Christmas.

sition is curious-for the dates of the existence of the two kings are scarcely more dissimilar than their characters and fortunes. It seems also very extraordinary that there should not be a suit of armour remaining in the Tower of the days of the wars in France. Formerly, the Black Prince was to be seen in a suit of armour, " of what was termed russet, and gilt in the most curious manner throughout," which is now transferred to Edward VI. !- to the great horror of the worthy warder. And that which was shown as Edward III.'s, is now put upon the stalwart frame of Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolkthe most famous tilter of the early days of Henry VIII.'s reign*. The warder is wont to say, "There, that was Edward the III.'s armour -I don't know how they make it out now to be this lord's-it had been king Edward's for hundreds of years-I knew it so myself, for fiveand-thirty." I certainly so far share in the worthy veteran's feelings, as to lament exceedingly that there is no armour in the Tower of the date of so warlike a period. I have complete faith in Dr. Meyrick's accuracy. His researches upon the subject of armour have been so longcontinued and so deep, that it is impossible to suppose that he can materially err; and he has acquired the highest approbation of those most competent to judge. It therefore remains matter of great wonder that no complete suit of an earlier date than that of Henry VI. should be preserved in the Tower. The chain armour on the figure of Edward I. has no doubt been collected—but its very existence in the armoury renders it more extraordinary that there should be none of the age during which the English scarcely did anything but fight.

I was also very much surprised at seeing only one of the whole line bearing a crest upon his casque. The impression on my mind was that this is Edward IV.—but I see my friend the little book gives it to Henry VI.—but that also mentions only one. I do not profess to be in the least erudite on this subject—but I had always thought the crest was habitually worn on the helmet—and here, neither in the battle nor the tilting suits, is there any such thing to be seen. The helmet of most of the tournament-suits has this peculiarity—that the vizor is a perfect plate on the left side and has only holes instead of bars on the right. These are so placed to enable the knight to see how to direct his lance,

the rest for which is on the right breast.

The friend whom I was with and I were holding some slight discourse touching the helmets—when a person, whom I afterwards understood to be in some way employed in the care of the armour, joined us—and, after a short time, expressed his belief, that such things as helmets could never have been worn, as they must have stifled the wearers. The weight, he said, was nothing to hurt, but no man could breathe for any length of time, so cased up. Thinks I to myself, alas! for the veracity of mine honest gossip, Sir John Froissart, canon of Chimay, if this novel doctrine be correct—and I ventured to express my doubts thereof, on the ground that, if that were so, our ancestors could have had no other motive for making the number of

There is a note to the account of the horse-armoury, which states that the date of the armour is, in every case, correct—but that ten suits only have been positively identified, which are distinguished by a mark. Of these the Duke of Suffolk's is one. This alone is sufficient to show the extent to which anachronism was formerly carried.

helmets which, at that moment, surrounded us on every side, except that of bamboozling their descendants-a fact, which seemed to me somewhat improbable. My interlocutor, however, smiled-and remained firm in his opinion. He then asked me, if I would try a helmet on, and then I should see whether he was not right. I said, "with all my heart"-and he accordingly called to some men, who were at work cleaning pieces of armour, to bring a helmet. The first they brought was still streaming with oil, and I objected. The next was not quite free from it at the part which joins the cuirass, and I dreaded the destruction of my coat-I took it off-my waistcoat then was in jeopardy-I doffed that, too; for, as I was to dine in the Tower, and had my things brought to dress, I did not much care about the shoulder of my shirt being slightly smeared (and it could not be more, as my friend was wiping away manfully at the helmet all the time,) in order that I might have the pleasure of being suffocated, to prove the truth of this new and extraordinary theory. I accordingly donned the helmet, the vizor of which was closed; and was then asked, whether I could breathe?-"Perfectly!" I answered. yes; I see how it is; the air comes up from below." This was quite true—for I now perceived, to my surprise, that helmets—at least, such helmets as that in which I was figuring, which seemed to be one of about Henry VIII.'s time, -never rested on the head; but were either formed to be supported by the shoulders directly, or what, from the figures in armour, appeared more likely, by the curiass, at their junction at the bottom of the throat. I, having no other armour on at all, felt the weight on the apex of my head very considerable; and certainly I should think that would be too oppressive for a man to bear for a permanence, or in exertion. But my good predecessor in filling that respected casque, never, I am confident, felt it touch his organ of veneration at all.

The aperture, by which I surreptitiously got air, was forthwith stopped up with handkerchiefs, as multitudinous, in number and colour, as those which rescued Pat Jennings's hat. "Now! can you breathe?" "Perfectly," I answered again; and, after continuing to breathe perfectly for some three or four minutes, I was unhelmeted; and, of course, the theorist remained unshaken in his opinion; and I readily admit that this experiment was no very accurate criterion.

I have since got a clue, which at once explains to me whence this idea arose. I have been told that this person once officiated as one of the knights at the Lord Mayor's show, and that it made him exceedingly ill. Now this, I can very well understand to be perfectly possible and natural, without the whole blame resting with the helmet. The weight of the whole suit, the noise, the motion, the exertion, the heat, might affect the whole frame generally—and then, I confess, that I would much rather have my mouth and nostrils free to the air, than subject to the amiable interposition of iron bars. I cannot but consider it, however, a hasty conclusion to draw from even this,—that helmets were never worn. I was amused, however, on the whole—more especially as it caused me to act Don Quixote in his study, with one bit of armour on by way of rehearsal; and I must say, that throughout our discussion and experiment, my theoretical opponent was exceedingly courteous and polite.

I believe it is now universally admitted that the old stories about degeneracy are merely old nurses' gossip; and, certainly, no one can go through the horse armoury at the Tower without being quite certain of that-if he do not even imbibe some slight tinge of a contrary opinion. These suits of armour would fit the average men of the present day-there are very few, as it struck my eye, which would do for the more powerful. In one point, especially, the armour seemed to me to be so, almost universally, unsuited to a man of, I might almost say, ordinary build, that, were it not that Dr. Meyrick has superintended it, I should have surmised there was some inaccuracy in the manner in which it is put together. I allude to the extraordinary smallness of the leg, which prevails, with a very few exceptions, throughout the whole line. Of course, the figure, whatever it may be made of, has nothing to do with this; for the armour is closed exactly, and it matters not what, or whether any thing, be within side. In some instances, this tenuity was such that I could hardly be persuaded that there might not have been some custom of leaving a portion of the inner part of the leg, where it is not exposed, uncovered; but there was no symptom of such an arrangement in any case. I should like, as the vulgars say, " to know the rights of this."

The armour of Henry Prince of Wales, and that of his brother, Charles I. are, perhaps, the most showy in the line—and they are both identified. But, probably, the most imposing figures, partly from their bulk, partly from their being together, and partly, perhaps, from their position, near the centre of the array, are those of Henry VIII. and of the Duke of Suffolk, of whom I have already made mention. This last has not the corpulence of Henry; but his breadth of shoulder and size of limb fully equal those of his king, whom he is represented as being in the act of saluting. Both these suits of armour are plate, and are identified as having belonged to Henry and Suffolk. This stalwart duke was, as I have said, the first tilter of his time; and there is a curious anecdote come down of a little passage of Francis I. with regard to him, which I shall make bold to recite, as a very characteristic

specimen of chivalry.

It is probable, however, that my readers and I may be looking two very different ways touching the characteristics of chivalry, unless I hold some slight preamble with them before I tell my story. They, probably, will think of chivalry as it has been represented in poems and romance—the very flower of generosity, the essence of gallantry, the unbreathed-on mirror of stainless good faith, the -but it is useless going through these trinkets; it is perfectly clear what I mean. Such, I admit, is chivalry in theory-but that theory was always one of pure imagination. I look to chivalry in practice-chivalry as the facts of history show it to have been; and I find its main characteristics, Cruelty, Ferocity, Treachery ; - sometimes the one is foremost, sometimes the other-but these are still ever the great principles, always most fully reduced into constant action. I do not mean to say that there may not be many exceptions-in a question of such an extent, there must be-but I do maintain that history proves that the more general course of the deeds of the knights of the chivalrous ages were such as to render applicable as defining qualities those odious ones which I have enumerated above. I was bred, like other people, with the usual admiration of all the fan-

tasies of chivalry-for the early reading of Don Quixote does any thing rather than bring chivalry into contempt with the young reader; it has been the subsequent reading of facts which has changed my opinionsor rather given me opinions in exchange for sentiments-on this subject: nay the full strength of those opinions was wrought by reading accounts of chivalry, by-I was going to say its defenders, but such writers never dream of its being impugned—by those who laud it to the skies, and who chant its praises in every period. Take for a sample, and he is a very favourable specimen of the race-Froissart. There cannot be a person more devoted, in its severest sense, to chivalry and its professors than Froissart—but he tells the truth as to facts: he may colour them a little sometimes, but he never belies them. Now, let any person read Froissart, and keep an eye strictly upon the facts: let him not mind his picturesque descriptions of great and noble people's dwellings-nor think of his accounts of their grand feastings, or their goodly hawkings, and their largess to the falconers-but let him watch steadily his accounts of what these people do:-he will find recorded not only rapine, and ferocity the most unmitigatedthose of course-but cold-blooded cruelty that will make the flesh creep-torture-death by fire, by starvation, and from untended wounds in dungeons—treachery of the most intense description,—under the ties of hospitality, for instance, so cried up as a chivalrous virtueand, above all, murder under the most solemn trust-these things will such a reader find as the staple doings of the age of chivalry. He will likewise find meannesses worthy only of a modern swindler. He will find the same results from all contemporary works read fairly, and no more than fairly, in the same spirit—that of attending to facts. And I cannot regard it as any very rash prophecy to say that, having so done, he will find that chivalry, as (alas!) it usually is represented, is a romantic bubble—that it never at any time had existence—but that the truth is, that cruelty and meanness, ferocity and treachery, were its real characteristics.

This may seem rather a formidable preface to the little anecdote, which after all is but a toy, that I am about to lay before my readers;—but, as a slight thing—a sort of play in comparison with real life—it is exceedingly exact in bearing out my doctrines. It displays first, treachery simple; next, treachery to a friend; next, treachery to an ally in arms; next, ferocity of a mean and low kind—and all this is done by one who was reckoned the very pink as well as pattern of

knighthood of his day-Francis I.!

The occurrence took place while he was still Comte d'Angoulême, and happened at a tournament given at the French court on the occasion of the marriage of Louis XII. with Princess Mary of England. The Comte d'Angoulême chose for his two "aids," as they were called, the Duke of Suffolk and the Marquis of Dorset. After some time, he was wounded and retired from the lists, leaving them "to fight at the barriers, and, therefore, take the first place against all comers." The Comte d'Angoulême, it seems, must have had some spite against the Duke of Suffolk—perhaps, he had been outshone by him in the lists; at all events, he takes a most chivalrous mode of venting his ill-blood. There chanced to be about the French court, at that time, a German

of extraordinary size and strength, who was supposed capable of smashing any man in the lists. The Comte d'Angoulême, accordingly, calls for this Teutonic Tom Cribb-has him properly armed, and sends him into the lists, to do for the duke. But the duke was himself " an ugly customer," and, after giving the German a rough reception at first, in a second encounter he completely gets the better of him, and

wounds him severely.

I am ashamed of having been betrayed, slightly, into slang language in this description-but really the whole transaction is so exactly like the low villainy of the ruffians of our ring at this day, that scarcely any other terms could be appropriate. Now, this is chivalry on its own ground-at the very tip-top of its pride and pageantry! This happened at a tournament !- a tournament, which was supposed to consist of all the finer ingredients of chivalry, condensed into a gay and graceful essense to please "the peacock and the ladies!" And what does this incident present? Imprimis, meanness. Item, plotting with low villains. Item, ferocity-selecting this Goliah. Item, betraying a friend, to the extent of hiring ruffians to outrage him, when you have just been fighting by his side. Item, it is the act of him who has been

rated as the very Quintessence of chivalry !--- Basta.

To return to the gallery. The most complete suit of sheet armour, as it struck my unpractised eye, was that bestowed very appropriately upon Sir Henry Lea, " Master of the Armoury, A. D. 1570." The guide-book asserts this Sir Henry Lea to be the same as him who is introduced into "Woodstock." Sir Walter, certainly, is not very remarkable for the accuracy of his chronology in such matters, and I think he makes some apology for anachronism in that book-but I do not recollect whether he identifies his old knight with this Sir Henry, Queen Elizabeth's armourer. Certes, he is Sir Henry Lea of Ditchley-but the Christian name, as well as the estate, might belong to many of the race. This Sir Henry in the Tower must have been a fine stalwart fellow—and his armour, as became his calling, is indeed point-device.

The last figure on horseback is that of James II .- and the manner in which the guide-book abuses him for the place into which they have chosen to put him in the Tower, is an exemplary lesson to fallen monarchs. The figure is not in the line, but at the extremity, rather in advance, at the end of the room away from that at which you enter:-"The circumstances of his present position somewhat appropriately correspond with his well-known abdication of the throne and flight from the kingdom: he has left the company of his brother sovereigns, and the enclosure assigned to them, and appears to be stealing cautiously along, close to the wall, and in a corner of the building, with his horse's head towards the door." Again the notice concludes with asserting that "the striking contrast which his appearance affords, when compared with the rest of the equestrian figures, is well worthy of observation." Really, Signor Guide-book, this is too hard. I am the very reverse of a Jacobite, but I certainly think king Jamie is here very unfairly treated. It is rather hard to make him responsible for being put to " stand in the corner," a century after his death. But, setting aside the moral types which the 'Description' draws from his dress and situation, the costume of the figure is curious-but it is, I

think, a very natural one for a king to wear in a campaign, being an admixture of his ordinary clothes and armour. The dress of that day was not very picturesque, and the addition of the few pieces of armour makes it quite fantastic to eyes of the present time. James is represented in a broad-skirted drab velvet coat with silver lace-a blue velvet waistcoat with gold lace-a very large white neckcloth, tied in an enormous bow-large jack-boots and gilt spurs. He wears a long and curling black wig, falling upon his shoulders, over which is a helmet—a cuirass is over his coat, and he has a gauntlet on his left hand, and a sword by his side. The melange is somewhat curiousbut the mark of identity is not affixed to the account; and it may be a mere fancy-piece. Still the details are undoubtedly chronologically

Opposite the centre of the line of horsemen, is a recess, in which there are very many curious arms of all sorts, and kinds, and dates. There is a figure of a "swordsman" of 1506, with half-armour, from beneath which a puckered velvet skirt protrudes, and which, increasing in circumference as it descends, hangs to his knees, somewhat in the fashion of a kilt. There is also a foot-soldier of 1540, in dark armour, and with a two-handed sword; and, near the recess, an archer of 1590-all in "Lincoln green-how becoming!"-with sort of

doublet quilted, and containing plates of iron.

In this recess is one of the chief thorns in the side of the excellent warder. There is a child's figure in armour, which suit is identified as having belonged to Charles II., when only six years old. Formerly, this was considered to have been the armour of Richard, Duke of York, the son of Edward IV. He, from his (alleged*) murder, is one of the heroes of the Tower—and it is sad that he should have had his armour given to a profligate of two centuries later. I pity, however, any child who ever was in this armour; for it seems so inveterately small, that any child little enough to get within it, could scarcely, as it appears to me, have been strong enough to bear any garment more weighty than its own bib.

Behind the line of horse are specimens of ordnance up to Henry VI.'s time. Many of them are very beautifully carved and inlaid, and some are of great size. There is no very striking dissimilarity in their outward form and appearance from the artillery of the present day, except that the guns are, as it seemed to me, for the most part, longer. Indeed, it would seem that the improvements of modern science in cannon, have not carried them into anything near the same dissimilarity from the early specimens, which has been the case with regard to hand-guns.

The Horse-Armoury is, I think, by far the most characteristic part of the Tower-for the small arms, kept in readiness for our present troops, though their arrangement is both most beautiful and effectual, and their numbers are almost appalling, do not seem to me in keeping with this old fortress, which, in every respect, speaks so vividly of the dark ages. Undoubtedly, as a coup-d'wil, what is called the Small

Armoury is splendid. (The diminutive epithet is here applied to the quality of the arms, not the size of the apartment, which is, I believe, the largest in the Tower.) The Emperor Alexander was, I was assured, more struck with this than with any thing. It was natural that he should be-for he could have but little knowledge of, and no interest in, the associations arising from our old history-and he had, especially at that moment, the keenest interest in every thing attached to modern warfare. Not being Emperor of Russia, just arrived from the campaigns of 1812, 13, and 14-I have not that interest; and, therefore, I shall say no more of the Small Armoury, than that it is, physically, a very grand sight; but that it is not calculated to call up any train of thought or feeling, beyond that painful and perplexing one to which every thing relating to war must, if it be pondered upon, give rise.

We then went into the room where the regalia are kept, and I must own I was much disappointed. I scarcely know what I expected; for the diamonds shone as diamonds usually do, and the pearls were larger than most pearls I had seen. Still, there was nothing impressive in the whole thing. The room was literally a miserable " hole in a corner," and the crown-jewels seemed, in the manner in which they were arranged, like the show-board of a second-rate shop. The extreme fewness of the articles, also, took very much from their effect. Jewels, to produce any real effect, should be either in great masses, or should be worn: in the latter case their real province lies. They glance in shining hair, or stand in relief upon a beautiful neck; and they are mingled with the colours of dress under the guidance of a tasteful judgment. But jewels by themselves jewels, gathered together like these, to be stared at, are after all scarcely anything even to the sight.

I confess the inordinate value attached to stones called precious has often surprised me exceedingly. I know of no custom so universally spread throughout the world as is this estimation of jewels, to which some more intelligible origin cannot be ascribed. The value given to gold and silver is in no degree parallel—the necessity of a general medium of circulating value has (in all probability originally from chance) fixed upon these metals, and copper, as the representatives of goods, in their broadest sense. It would certainly be exceedingly inconvenient to have

Huge bales of British cloth blockade the door;

and by no means to be wished that

Astride his cheese Sir Morgan we might meet, And Wordly crying coals from street to street.

No-even Pope's loosely reasoned, though most pointedly written, lines are sufficient to prove this. Things are too bulky-we must have

But no jot of this reasoning applies to jewels. They are merely for the eye-for ornament in its most direct and limited signification. Now, when we consider how many means of ornament there are very nearly approaching to the beauty of the finest jewels, it is strange that they should have acquired such a pre-eminence of value. I do not say that a bead, a berry, or even a beautiful flower, is as brilliant, or, taken altogether, as gratifying to the sight as a diamond, a ruby, or pearls.

But I do not think there is a hundred, a thousand, ten thousand pounds' difference between them.*

The friend who was with me rather affronted the lady who showed the regalia, by alluding to the rumour that the jewels kept for the public to see are false, and that the real are at some jeweller's. She asserted very strongly the contrary, "as in duty bound"— and I have no idea how the case may be. By the way, it would have been rather entertaining if Colonel Blood had finally succeeded in his carrying off the crown, and had found it to consist of false jewels! There is a very amusing and characteristic account of this celebrated adventure in Maitland's 'History of London.' The whole scheme seems to have been deeply matured, and to have failed only from an incident which it was impossible to foresee, and against the occurrence of which the chances are incalculable—viz. the unexpected return of a young officer from service at the very moment the crime was in course of

perpetration.

The attempt was made in 1673, when a person named Edwards was keeper of the Regalia. Blood began by paying a visit in the (then very marked) habit of a clergyman, with a lady, purporting to be his wife, in his company, for the apparent purpose of seeing the crown-jewels in the ordinary manner. After these had been duly inspected and admired, the lady suddenly felt herself ill, and Mrs. Edwards came to her assistance, and showed her every possible kindness and attention-taking her up into her room, and using every means for her restoration. Blood's gratitude was of course boundless; and he returned, in a day or two afterwards, to repeat his thanks, saying that his wife could talk of nothing but the kindness of the good people at the Tower. He brought Mrs. Edwards a present of "white French gloves"—so we gather, by this, the important historical fact that French kid gloves were then, as now, the chosen wear of English ladies. Blood continued his visits, and at last pretending to be struck with the beauty and modest demeanour of Mr. Edwards's daughter, said that he had a nephew, a young man about to leave Cambridge, who had two or three hundred a-year in land, and that he should be most happy to join their families by making a match between the young people. Such a proceeding, however extraordinary it might appear at this time of day, was by no means unusual then; we constantly meet with it in the plays of the period, as a thing by no means out of the common way. We wish our ancestors joy of the custom.

Blood, it would seem, acted the clergyman with great unction. Being asked to dinner, his grace was immoderately long; and, in every respect, he maintained even more than the necessary decency and dignity of demeanour. On the occasion of his dining there, he appeared to be struck with a very handsome pair of pistols hanging in one of the rooms, and bought them "for a young lord, his neighbour." It is supposed that his real reason was that he thought the pistols had better be elsewhere than at Mr. Edwards's, on the execution of his

attempt upon the jewels.

Nay, sometimes, I have seen a rose, or a bunch of blossoms in hair, quite as gratifying to my sight, as any jewels could have been. And I do not allude to any particular wearer, honour bright.

A day was fixed for the pseudo-clergyman to bring his nephew, that the young people might become known to each other. Blood came at what seems to me to have been, even in the days of Charles II., a very uncourtly hour, viz., seven in the morning. Three more men came with him; they were armed with daggers and pocket-pistols, and had blades within their canes. Blood said they would not go up stairs till his wife came; and the strangers begged, in the mean time, to see the Regalia. Mr. Edwards accordingly conducted them; and as soon as they had entered the Crown-room, as it is called, they threw a cloak over his head, and flung him upon the ground. They then put a gag into his mouth-"a great plug of wood, with a hole in the middle to breathe at;" it was fastened to a waxed leather, which was passed round his neck. They put an iron hook with a spring to his nose, "that no sound might escape him that way." They then said, that they would have the crown-jewels; but that, if he would be quiet, they would spare his life. But the old man-and he was a very old man, nearly eighty-was a gallant fellow, and true to his trust. The very idea of the Regalia being taken from his custody appeared to him a reversion of the order of nature. He had no idea of submitting, but roared as lustily as he could. Upon this, they forthwith knocked him down with a mallet. But, no sooner was he down, than he began to roar again. The gags, it seems to me, must have been miserably constructed, or they might have left Edwards to roar as much as he could. They proceeded, however, to a more undeniable mode of silencing any man, viz., by giving him nine or ten blows on the head with the mallet, and thrusting a dagger into his belly. He now became nearly senseless, -but he still retained sufficient consciousness to hear one of the party, who stooped over him, say, "He's dead! I'll warrant him!"-which impression on their minds he very wisely determined to do nothing more to disturb.

The ruffians then proceeded to take the Regalia. Blood put the crown under his cloak, and one of his accomplices, named Parrot, stuffed the globe into the pocket of the bulky breeches which it was then the fashion to wear. The third man began to file the sceptre into two, in order to put the pieces into a bag, which they had brought

with them,

In the mean time it so chanced that Edwards's son arrived from Flanders, whither he had been with Sir John Talbot, who had given him leave to visit his family, immediately upon landing in England. He was accosted, at the door of his father's house, by the fellow left on the watch, who asked him what he wanted? Young Edwards said, he belonged to the family, and, perceiving that the man himself was a stranger to the place, said, if he wished to see his father, he would mention it, and went on. The sentry, at this, was alarmed, and ran and informed his fellows in the crown-room. They thought it best to be off at once with what they had got, and, leaving the sceptre, which was not yet filed into two, they posted off as hard as they could.

Believing the old man to be dead, they left him, unbound; but, as soon as they were fairly gone, old Edwards frees himself from the gag, and roars out "Murder!—Treason!" at the full pitch of his lungs. His daughter—who may be supposed to have been a little on the qui

vive, considering the nominal purpose of the visit, and who, indeed, is gravely recorded, by the historian, to have sent down her maid to examine and report upon the personal appearance of the intended bridegroom-his daughter was the first to run to him, and, gathering what had happened, ran out, shouting "Treason!-The crown is stolen!-Treason!" This speedily occasioned a general alarm throughout the Tower: young Edwards, and a Captain Beckman, who was also at the house, were the first to pursue, and nearly got shot for their pains--the warders, at the nearer posts, having let the sober-looking clergyman and his friends pass, unnoticed, and firing at those whom they now saw running with speed, and whom they took for the culprits. The cry, however, was well up before Blood reached the last draw-bridge, and the outer gates. The warder at the draw-bridge attempted to stop him—but Blood fired a pistol at him, and the man (though it afterwards appeared that he was untouched) dropped according to form. The sentinel at the gate, drawing his own conclusions from the full view which he had of this transaction, suffers Blood and his associates to pass unopposed. They had now got into the open street, when Beckman, Edwards, and others came up. One of them seized Parrot, and dispossessed him of the globe; while Beckman attacked Blood, who fired at him as he approached. But Beckman, who appears to have been a most cool and steadily brave man, ducked to avoid the shot, and then rushed in upon Blood. The ruffian had just mounted, having had time to get upon his horse; but he was compelled to leave it again, that loyal animal remonstrating in the most irresistible manner against bearing a crown he had no right to. A struggle ensued—and Beckman ultimately prevailed—Blood, flinging the crown upon the ground, and exclaiming, "Well! 'twas a noble attempt, though unsuccessful-it was for a crown!"

But Blood seems to have understood something of those who wear crowns, as well as of crowns themselves—for his examination before Charles II. is, at once, one of the most amusing, and one of the most disgusting, passages in history—or more strictly, it would be the former to an extreme degree, if the intensity of the latter feeling did not mar your entertainment as you read.

Charles II. not unfrequently interfered personally in the administration of justice—just as a variety in his amusements—something to excite him at the time, and to laugh at afterwards*. This case was, of course, the topic of the day, and Charles, instead of allowing things regularly to take their course, orders Blood to be brought up before himself, in council, at Whitehall.

The behaviour of this fellow on this occasion, is, I think, unmatched for effrontery, skill, knowledge of nature, and the most watchful and unshrinking self-possession. He avowed at once the crime of which

[•] It is entertaining to hear old Pepys,—who, in his diary, which nobody was to see, or could read, during his life,—talks frankly enough of the evils of government,—always lamenting that the king did not give his personal attention to the affairs of the nation, and then that every thing would go right. Truly, if the following example be taken as a specimen, I think the nation was quite as well off in the hands of his amiable ministers. I say nothing of the doctrine in general, except that it is evident Pepys was unacquainted with the modern principle of the division of labour.

he was accused-going through a long list of old claims upon the crown, which had, as he alleged, been shamefully resisted, till he determined to repay himself by the seizure of the crown itself. He avowed what he was incidentally charged with, the outrage upon the Duke of Ormond, which he also attributed to wrongs unredressed. Upon being asked for his accomplices, he answered, that he might say what he pleased of himself, but that he would never betray any gentleman who had trusted him. And, at last, he addressed the king himself, and enlisted both his vanity and his fears in his cause. He declared, that he had undertaken to shoot the king; and said, that he had lain in ambush for that purpose, among the reeds in the Thames, above Battersea, when Charles went to bathe there: but that, when the king came within reach, the noble majesty of his countenance so overpowered him-that he felt that it was impossible to slay him. Nay, more, that he bore the impression of what he had seen so strongly on his mind, that he had dissuaded some of his comrades from a similar attempt*. On the other hand, he asserted that, if he was doomed to suffer, he regretted he could not then save the king's life, or that of those who joined in his condemnation, inasmuch as there were hundreds bound by the most solemn and terrible oath to revenge the death of any one of their number, and that, if he were touched, they might individually fear every day to be massacred!

I have no sort of doubt that both these assertions were pure fiction: but they had their effect. For, not only was Blood set free; but he had, very shortly after, 500l. a-year settled upon him in Ireland, of which country he was a native. This was the punishment for an attempt to steal the Regalia of England, attended with the attempted, and very nearly completed, murder of their keeper. The reward to the reeper, a man eighty years of age, for the suffering he had undergone in the defence of those jewels—was a gratuity, not pension, of two jundred pounds, while to his son, who had personally assisted in saving them, received one hundred. Thus were Villainy and Virtue comparatively estimated by Charles II. and his government. Oh!

the 1788 we have in the Stuarts!

But there is one room in the Tower, which is not shown to strangers, that offerested me more than almost any thing I saw there. It is that in which state prisoners were kept: it is now used as the mess-room of the officers of the guards, stationed in the Tower. It is a very proderately-sized room, originally, I should think, octagon, with recesses—but additional windows have been broken through for mode a comfort, and its form now is very irregular. But the walls, which seem to be of a moderately-soft stone, retain abundant marks of the sat duties they have performed in olden times. They are covered with inscriptions of the most curious kinds, and in an extraordinary variety of language, made, apparently, by the unhappy people in confinement—some, as it would seem, merely as a record of the fact of imprisonment; but several, it is evident from their elaborate execution, and even occasionally by the multiplicity of their sculptured

^{*} Blood here alludes to the Puritans, one of whom he always affected to behaving Jleged that it was on account of the king's " severity to the godly," that he had intended to murder him.

ornament, must have been done as an occupation to fill up the heavy hours of prison life. I do not wish to exaggerate-and do not mean to say that any of the ornaments attached to the inscriptions are very finely done-but there are several coats of arms and devices of all kinds and sorts—such as crosses, flowers, eagles, figures of Time and Death-nay, sometimes what may be considered more than a mere device: for instance, a representation of a man kneeling at a tombthese things, I say, are done in a manner which I cannot at all understand being within the power of prisoners, taken generally, it is true, from the educated ranks of life, yet who cannot be supposed to have had skill in sculpture. I use this term, because nearly all the decorations, and a very large proportion of even the inscriptions, are in reliefbeing the exact reverse of the ordinary mode of writing. I am sure there are very few 'lords and gentlemen' of the present day, who, if they were shut up in the Tower, could place upon the wall their coats of arms, or a moral reflection, or stanza of verse, in letters protruding from the wall, instead of cut into it.

This is a problem which may perhaps be solved in one of two ways. Either an artist must have been employed, which, to say nothing of the greater part of the figures not quite reaching that pitch, must be exceedingly improbable from the distance of dates one from the other, and the almost impossibility of such a person being admitted into the prison at various times;—or the prisoners under state-accusations must have much more generally possessed graphic powers than persons of the same condition would at the present day. I surmise, from the dates and other circumstances, that most of the prisoners in this room were confined on account of religion, on one side or other: several of them were ecclesiastics or students; these persons, perhaps, may have studied such things as illumination of books, and may thus have been able to decorate the stone walls of their prisons, when they had nothing else to write upon. At all events, so the facts are. My readers may, perhaps, be more competent to trace them to

their causes than I am, who am but a poor antiquarian.

I have copied a few of the inscriptions I considered the most curious. One is in five different languages. There is an oblong sort of figure on the wall, somewhat in the shape of an ordinary tomb-stone—in, over, and around which, in every possible direction, are the following reflections and apothegms: these are all in relief. First, at each side of the top are the dates of the year and month. Anno D. 1571.—10th Sept.—the latter probably meaning the day on which the whole was finished, or begun, as it must have taken a considerable time. The year 1571 appears in more of these inscriptions than any other. It is no very violent conclusion to suppose that the prisoners of this date were Catholics, as it was just at that time that the famous bull of Pius V. depriving Elizabeth of her right to the crown, and absolving all her subjects from their allegiance, was affixed to the gates of the Bishop of London's palace. This business occasioned extreme agitation among the Catholics; not to speak of the great plot concocted during that year, between the leaders of the Catholic party and Queen Mary, and the Spanish ambassador and the agent of the Pope; which ended in Norfolk's execution. Somehow implicated in the troubles arising from

these transactions it is natural to suppose our polyglotist to have been; but, hough he writes in many tongues, he says very little; it is difficult to extract much more than the most general sentiments from the fol-

lowing :-

"The most unhappy man in the world is he that is not patient in adversities, for men are not killed with the adversities they have, but with the impatience which they suffer." Of the English I have modern zed the spelling, for really copying a dozen consonants out of use, and anal ee's innumerable, was too much for me. In the French and Italian I have stuck to it as it is in the original, lest, in the latter at least, my modernizations of the words might be alterations of the sense. The next part of the inscription is the following apothegm, which the man who would impugn, must be an inveterate disputant. "Tout vient a poient, quy puelt attendre "-that is, supposing my friend and I are right in supposing these most hieroglyphically written words to mean, that "Every thing will come to an issue (for him) who can wait." Close below this is an assertion of the linguist's grief in Italian—"Gli sospiri ne son testimoni del' langoscia mia." Now, notwithstanding the cruel divorce inflicted upon the two l's of dell', every young lady will acknowledge the truth of the statement that "Sighs bear witness of my anguish!" We have, then, the signature "Charles Bailly," and the age, "Æt. 29." The name, as it is spelled, may be either French or English; and it is impossible, from the gift of tongues possessed by the writer, to know which country has the juster claim to his birth. Then we have a scrap of Latin. "Principium sapentiæ timor Domini."* And, after a little couplet, one line on each side of the figure-

Be friend to one, Enemy to none_

we came to a language which neither I nor the friend who was with me, who is an excellent linguist, could very well identify. The words are "Hoepende Hebt Pacientie," which we agreed, from its queer resemblance to German, must be either Dutch, or some bastard dialect of that language. Guided by the German, we guessed, for it is mere guess-work, this to mean "Hoping raises the patience"—Pacientie, however, in no degree resembles the German word, which is geduld.—

Probably the sentence is patchwork.

The whole of this inscription is, I think, very curious—there are so many languages used to say nothing. I can well understand that any very explicit declaration of sentiment on the subject of the imprisonment might cause considerable inconvenience. Still, some others do hint their opinions a little; as, for instance, I found a cross, with "Staro fidele," written underneath it; and—though in this case, the directness of the application must depend entirely on the circumstances of the individual and of the time,—a representation of an oakleaf between two acorns, with the inscription of "Sperando me godero." This is dated 1537, and signed with a sort of extraordinary combination of an M, an E, and a little B growing out of the M's left leg, which I am confident there is no type in the fount to represent.

The prevalence of Italian in these inscriptions is very remarkable. I conclude there must have been many ecclesiastics of that country

^{*} The chief of wisdom is the fear of the Lord.

imprisoned during the religious turmoils here, in the sixteenth century. But even that will not account for the following very curious inscription. for, (to say nothing of the English name) as far as the date is distinguishable, it is 1428. The Italian seems to be slightly mixed with Latin; at all events it is of a description quite obsolete now. The characters are exceedingly old and curiously-shaped, but very distinctly cut. We had great difficulty in decyphering some of them—the D especially, which resembled rather a German capital (printed) S, than any other letter we knew. After much puzzling we read the inscription as follows:-" Dispoi che vole la Fortuna que la mea speransa va al vento! pianger ho volio el tempo perdudo; e semper stelme: tristo, e discontento. William Tyrrell." The following is what my friend and I construed this composition to mean:—"Since Fortune wills that my hope should go to the winds, I will lament the time lost; my star is always sad and discontented." We suppose stelme: to be an abbreviation of stella mea-for there is evidently a mixture of Latin in the language sufficient to account for its being mea, instead of mia-and the marks of contraction are quite distinct.

One more, and this is a thorough English one, and I have done. Two bears are represented holding a staff between them, something after the fashion of arms, though not on a shield, or, as far as I recollect, with the distinguishing mark of a crest beneath. Below the staff, is the name John Dudley—a prominent name in English history—but here there is no date wherewith to distinguish which of its possessors is meant. Beneath this are four verses, of which one is, alas! incomplete. What remains distinguishable is as follows:—

You that these beasts do well behold and see, May deem with ease wherefore here made they be, With borders 4 brothers' names who list to reach the ground.

I confess that, for my part, I have not the least idea wherefore the beasts are there made; but they are very well made, and perhaps the third line would have told us.

And now, gentle reader, I have to congratulate you on escaping an evil with which you are probably unconscious of having been threatened. As I walked home from the Tower, I had this prison-room full in my mind—Lady Jane Grey (who was confined there) and all; and I revolved in my thoughts divers dismal reflections upon all the misery that room had witnessed. These I had intended to pour forth upon your devoted head, in this my account of my visit: but that account has run terribly long already; and, what perhaps may be more to the purpose, I am dead tired of my pen. Therefore, reader, you are spared! As I behave so forbearingly, perhaps you will look into my glass again, when it is turned upon some other object.

-castle out allow evines adjustation and a said dynamical way have it

DIARY FOR THE MONTH OF DECEMBER.

5th. Last night Covent Garden Theatre re-opened, after the close rendered necessary by all the turmoil the gas has lately occasioned. It is fortunate, indeed, that that close took place when it did—for, certainly, it then fully came to light that the state in which the whole of the gas establishment was, might, at any moment, have occasioned accidents in which the destruction of human life—to say nothing of property—would have been dreadful. Four lives have been lost, and that under circumstances most painful to contemplate; but there probably never was an instance in which the old adage, "Tis well it's

no worse," could be more strongly applicable.

But it is not of the theatre itself that it is our present purpose to speak. We wish to say a few words concerning the performance with which it opened. We mean the Merchant of Venice. We have very long considered it both an outrage and a disgrace that this play should be acted in its present state. With every possible admiration of Shakspeare, short of considering his faults beauties because they are his, we cannot allow that his name should be sufficient to carry through gross indecencies which would, in a moment, be hooted off the stage, if they were brought forward in the shape of a new production, or even of a revival of a piece of one of his contemporaries. Why have we given up so many of our elder comedies, abounding with pleasantry of every gradation, from the richest humour to the keenest and most elegant wit, but on account of their moral looseness? We regret the loss of so much of the most nervous and characteristic part of our dramatic literature; but we resign it cheerfully when it can be retained only at the cost of modesty, delicacy, and good feeling. And we will venture to assert that there is scarcely anything more utterly and grossly unfit to be repeated before an audience of our time, in all Wycherley, Congreve, and Vanburgh, than the fifth Act of the Merchant of Venice. It is most painful to see the actresses reduced to the necessity of uttering the words put into their mouths: and still more painful to witness the ladies in the audience compelled to hear all the filth and ribaldry which form the dialogue of the fifth When people go to see the Merchant of Venice, it is Shylock of which they think. The last Act is so totally unconnected with the plot that they almost forget its existence till the odious infliction begins. When a party goes to Love for Love, or the Country Girl, they know that they are going to a play which, however clever, is full of improprieties-and they have no right to complain of what they meet. But it is really no affectation to say that those who go for the sake of Mr. Kean's Shylock, really overlook Nerissa and the Doctor's clerk

We dare say we shall be accused of the highest literary sin in England, viz., treason against the majesty of Shakspeare, when we say that we think it would be a most material improvement to this play to make it end with the fourth Act. The catastrophe occurs with the disappointment of the Jew;—the play is really over—its plot and action

certainly are-at the end of the trial-scene. But stage-regulations require a fifth act; and, therefore, the flimsy and filthy supplement of the rings is tacked on. Now, when nearly all plays of the date of Shakspeare, including his own, are of necessity subjected to revision, and, in nearly all cases, to, at least, the alteration of curtailment and omissions—when such is the fact, we really cannot see that there would be any great indignity against the immortal bard if this Act, which is by far the most continuously indecent thing in all his works, were to be omitted. Shakspeare, of course, like all other writers of his age, has occasional expressions and allusions of a coarse nature-but considering what the general tone of literature was in his days, they are astonishingly few-and he never, as far as general recollection serves us, has given into the very usual habit of his brethren of forming a plot depending on an indecent circumstance, except in this one instance. Why, then, it should scrupulously be retained—when, in addition to its impropriety, it is a fantastic and needless excrescence,—we cannot in the least conceive. Let our managers boldly lop it off; and the improvement will, we are convinced, be universally felt and acknowledged at once.

8th. The lovers of religious liberty must receive great gratification from the account of the meeting at Leeds, which appeared in the papers of this morning. To us, especially, it has given pleasure—from its proving so soon the justice of the opinion we ventured to give on the occasion of the Penenden Heath meeting—that the towns of England would be in favour of the Catholic question. When we consider the plans of organization on the one side which have since come to light, and the utter, even foolish, absence of everything of the kind on the other; when we reflect upon the fact of the strong and condensed unity of the Brunswickers—the one, the only, feeling of opposition to the Catholics pervading them all-while their opponents are gathered from every grade of liberalism—when we call to mind how the flocks of tenants of the anti-catholics were driven to the hustings, while nothing of the sort was attempted by the advocates of emancipationwe shall not, we think, have much cause to wonder at the majority being as it was on Penenden Heath. Above all, that meeting was held for country people, in a very countrified part of the country. Care was taken that the place of assembly should be at a great distance from all the important towns of the county. The ports, the towns of the Isle of Thanet, Rochester, Chatham, all were at a distance—the place was in the centre of the uneducated and ignorant, and the uneducated and ignorant prevailed.

At that time we said, 'Go to the towns and see what they will say to you there.' Leeds is the first town where the experiment has been tried, and there, in despite of all manner of manœuvres, a petition has been carried in favour of the Catholic question. Now even in a town, education is not yet by any means thoroughly spread; but it exists to an extent totally unknown in the agricultural parts of the country. There are all sorts of prejudices still lingering among but too many of our countrymen, which cause the cry of No Popery to sound welcome in their ears. The absurd and iniquitous cheatery of

the Orangemen in calling petitions in favour of emancipation, popish petitions—and those who further such proceedings, papists,—passes current with too many still. We do not now pause on the meanness of such wilful misrepresentation: the very persons who set these expressions about, know that those of whom they use them are as thoroughly protestants as themselves. They know how the truth lies perfectly: but, alas! there are still many who believe what the gentlemen say, and are swayed in their conduct accordingly.

But Education is advancing—and, as it spreads, Bigotry must recede before it. Even in the very place which has given rise to these remarks—Leeds—the progress of public opinion on this great question is strongly exemplified. The majority in favour of the petition is stated to be about seven to four; there was, sixteen years ago, a ma-

jority against a similar question of nearly twenty to one.

And in the same way, we do not doubt that Education will spread, not Intelligence only, but also Tolerance, Charity, and brotherly kindness wheresoever it extends. It will open the eyes of the community to the claims of justice, and will shew that it is both politic and right to grant them.

11th. Very shortly after we had written the notice with which our Diary for this month commences, we saw advertised—"The Country Girl,—Peggy, by a young lady, being her first appearance upon any stage." After the passing mention we there made of this comedy, it may be supposed that we were a little surprised at "a young lady" making such a selection for her first appearance. Surely this can never do now, we thought—but, as far as regards the young lady, it has done, and very well, and (in a theatrical point of view) very deservedly. Her success was represented as having been extreme, the first night—and, in consequence, we went to form our own judgment,

last night.

The Country Girl, as it is now represented, is about as bad a play as can well exist. The Country Wife, as Wycherley wrote it, has been out of the question these many years. It is certainly one of the very most loathsome specimens of what our ancestors sat and enjoyed in "the good old times of the drama." It had, also, which is unusual in Wycherley, no great proportion of real wit-and no original character but Margery Pinchwife, the Peggy of the present play. This part, it would seem, has in part rescued the play from its highly-deserved oblivion; -and we can scarcely conceive why-for its simplicity is not childishness merely, but positive folly-its cunning is not learned by experience, but supplied by an evil disposition—and the two are carried respectively to such an excess as to be an absolute contradiction to each other. Mrs. Jordan used, however, to embody it in a manner which dropped much of the coarser part of the character, and rendered it certainly a very fascinating thing to see; -but, besides that nobody could do this but Mrs. Jordan, even in her hands it was, we think, repulsive on consideration. The moment the alcohol of Mrs. Jordan's acting had passed away, the very odious nature of the whole play came into sight again. It is, of course, much more decent than the old version-but it is still very far from pure; and the merit which it originally had, of caricaturing the fopperies of Charles II.'s time, is of course passed away;—for such a tone as is here represented is of the seventeenth century—and, when transferred to a date which there is nothing to tell you is not that of George III., it becomes totally unmeaning—for it is obsolete as regards ourselves, and it is not put forward as the embodying of the manners of a remote age.

We really are not, in the most remote degree, prudish or straitlaced—yet this is already the second time this month we have had occasion to remonstrate against the performances at our great theatres on the score of propriety; and we are quite sure that in both instances

the remonstrance is thoroughly well-grounded.

Well, we went last night to see Miss Nelson in this very trying part. She is certainly, in every sense, very extraordinary. She seemed perfectly at home, jumped about as though in her own dressing room, spoke (for the most part) with as much ease and in as natural a manner as though it had been to her mother, and yet an eye accustomed to the stage could trace stage-knowledge, almost amounting to stage-trick, in a dozen different instances. She is quite young, very youthfully formed, and of a very girlish aspect. Her country-accent, we are quite convinced, is by no means wholly assumed-and joined as it is to a very strange, and by no means pleasing, intonation of voice, would, we think, very much stand in her way in other parts. Mr. Fawcett went out of his way, as the newspapers report, to assert to the audience, on the first night of this young lady's appearance, that it was really her first appearance. By this, he surely did not mean to exclude practice on small theatres. We chanced, last night, to sit next to one thoroughly versed in theatrical technicalities, and he agreed with us, that there were strong marks of stage-knowledge, well learned.

Still there is a great deal that is fresh, and buoyant, and vivid, and sterling, in Miss Nelson's performance, certainly. A great deal of talent it is impossible to deny—and, once or twice, we thought we caught a flash of even genius. Both the mannerism and the almost startling nature were strongly apparent in the scenes in which she writes the letters. We must still revert to our first phrase—she is very "extraordinary," and no cautious critic can commit his opinion till he sees her in something else. But what else is there for her?—We have heard Miss Prue mentioned-but we hope 'Love for Love' will be suffered to rest quietly on the shelf of the theatrical amateurs of the old school,—it is obsolete to the public now,—the characters are no longer understood,—the wit, admirable as it is, is not felt,—its faults are the only things left prominent; -for the sake of the genius of a former age, let it rest. We have also heard Corinna, in the 'Confederacy,' mentioned—but all the same reasons apply, and others from which ' Love for Love' is free. The plot is pitifully slender and feeble, and what there is of it is mean and paltry, and there is no catastrophe. The 'Confederacy' ought never to have been more than a farce—there is matter enough for that, but no more. It was carried through the last century on the strength of a great name, but it is buried now; let it rest. Cherry also has been talked of—but it is a very slight part, and even that play, buoyant and brilliant as it is, is scarcely fit for us now. In short, the only thing mentioned which seems at all likely to suit this very strange young lady is Priscilla Tomboy; and if she have any thing like the talents we are half-inclined to give her credit for, that is a very poor part for their display. Seriously, we shall be glad to see her in something else—though we can't conceive what—in order to be

able to form something like a fixed opinion.

We may as well mention, with reference to the performance of the Country Girl,' a very remarkable instance of Fawcett's powers of vocal expression. The concluding speech of Moody is one of frantic jealousy—but the author (of the modern piece—the catastrophe of the old one is different altogether) has filled it with farcical images, with the manifest intention that a roar of laughter should accompany the exit. But Fawcett wanted something more than this; and he spoke the speech in a real tone of jealousy in its awful mastery over the human soul. It was impossible for the ear not to be struck at first with the discrepancy of the words—but the mind soon forgot them, and was carried away by the mere power of the actor's delivery. It was clearly wrong—but it was singularly able.

In the papers of this morning, there is a notice of Mr. Thomas, the zealous constable of St. Paul's, Covent Garden*, bringing before Sir Richard Birnie a dozen boys (chiefly play-bill sellers) for committing acts of vagrancy in that parish; and a very interesting conversation appears to have ensued between the magistrate and the constable on the subject of the wretched creatures of this class so common in that neighbourhood. We are glad to be able to say that we very much approve of the disposition manifested by Sir Richard on this occasion, which we do the more readily from having been compelled to differ from him so strongly, so often:—

Sir R. BIRNIE said—That the only method of destroying these gangs of juvenile thieves, would be to adopt a plan he had recommended to the Police Committee of the House of Commons. They ought to be taken up en masse, and those who had no visible means of getting a livelihood, should be dealt with under the statute of the 2d and 3d of Anne. That act authorized any magistrate to bind boys, who had no visible means of living, to the masters of coasting and other vessels, and if there were to be a receiving ship appointed by government, on board of which such boys could be sent, where they might be taught, in a few weeks, all that was necessary to qualify them to be engaged to the masters of vessels, who would be glad of such boys, he was satisfied the root of the evil which had caused the lamentable increase of crime in the metropolis, would be in a great degree destroyed. Some time ago his nephew, who was captain of one of his majesty's cutters, wishing to

It may not be known to some of our readers that Mr. Thomas has voluntarily undertaken the office of constable of his parish, from having seen, during the year in which he was called upon to fill the situation as an inhabitant, what good might be done by one who served this office with zeal and uprightness. We had occasion, in the course of last year, to lay before our readers some of Mr. Thomas's evidence before the Parliamentary Police Committee: and, from facts there brought forward, it is quite clear that sound and practical sense has always kept Mr. Thomas's zeal within due limits. When thus regulated, we confess we respect active philanthropy in any sphere, however humble. But, though many may think it humble, that of Mr. Thomas, in Covent Garden is by no means limited. Vast is the mass of human guilt, and, therefore, of human misery, in that area in which we have somewhere seen it finely said, "Silence has not existed for a century." It is to lessen that guilt and misery that Mr. Thomas devotes his benevolent exertions—and we respect the man who exerts himself to that end, whether he be

serve the parish of St. Martin's, sent for five boys, who were paupers in that parish. Five of the finest lads in the workhouse were selected, and they were attired in blue trowsers, jackets, and caps. Their appearance led many other boys in the house to volunteer to go on the same kind of service, but there were no masters for them. The five boys, however, were sent, and after learning to assist on board, they were engaged as servants by five different officers, and in a very short time, the lads, who behaved extremely well, sent home to their parents two sovereigns each.

We have left the anecdote of Sir Richard's nephew, because we would not, for the sake of a few lines, omit the record of a kind action; but it does not bear upon the question, which is whether it would be possible to establish a government receptacle for these wretched apprentices to theft, and then to ship them off under the statute of the 2d and 3d of Anne. That such a measure would be a very great public benefit, if it could be carried into effect with regard to these lads, cannot, we think, be doubted-and, at the same time, it would be the means of saving a great many fellow creatures from a life of vice and want. But we fear, as the law at present stands, that can hardly be. We doubt whether Sir Richard Birnie reads the statute of Anne aright. That act empowers justices of the peace, town and parish authorities, &c., to bind, and by a subsequent clause, compels ship-masters (number for tonnage) to receive, any boy of the age of ten years or upwards, who may be chargeable, or whose parents may be chargeable, to the parish they inhabit, or who may beg alms, as apprentices to the seaservice. Now unless these boys actually be chargeable to their parish, St. Paul's, or St. Giles's, or whatever it may be, or unless they ask alms, it is clear they cannot be bound apprentices to masters of merchant vessels. Other provision is made for rogues and vagabonds, whether boys or men, in the very same act. They are to be sent to sea in her (now his) majesty's service. The only thing which at all would seem to include our friends the hawkers of play-bills, would be asking alms-and we doubt if they even do that very often: they pilfer, and deal in little wares, and so on. But even this, we are convinced, would not do: masters of vessels would never be compelled to take such ne'er-do-weels as apprentices merely because it could be proved that they had asked alms. The whole spirit of the act shews that the asking alms, as used in the clause of which we have given the pith above, is considered only as evidence of poverty—of being about to become chargeable to the parish. People who ask alms in the capacity of rogues and vagabonds are, as we have said, separately dealt with afterwards: sturdy beggars are mentioned by name. Moreover, the statute 4th of Anne, cap. 19, exempts masters of vessels from taking apprentices under thirteen years old: and by thirteen, the young people in the Garden have advanced to a very considerable maturity of vice.

No—we fear these acts could not, now, be brought into serviceable operation, as regards these wretched boys. Certainly, if you can prove them to belong to a parish, and to be above thirteen years of age, that parish can compel masters of vessels to take them as apprentices. But the evil is then in great measure done. Of the shoals who get under your feet between St. Martin's-Court and the corner of Catharine-Street, not one in ten is any thing like thirteen. Now, prevention

really might be called into action here without any invasion of private rights. Nearly all of these are already under the hand of the law, if it choose to lay it down, as "rogues and vagabonds." Why not, then, adopt some measure-by act of Parliament if it be, as it probably is, necessary-to free ourselves from this regular, public, preparatory school of thieves-from whence spring, first the pick-pockets,-then the horse-stealers, the highway-robbers, and, worst of all, the burglars, of London? We say "worst of all, the burglars;" for the nature and extent of the evil inflicted by them is, in general, far worse than any other. The security of your dwelling is set at nought; property to the value, perhaps, of half your worth in the world is stolen; and it is by no means improbable that your brains may be beaten out into the bargain. Burglars, it is true, endeavour to get away unheard; but for a goldsmith, or a banker, or even a private individual to have his premises cleared by "first-rate cracksmen," is, in itself, considerably less than pleasant.

And these "cracksmen," or by whatever other name of villainy their jargon of abomination may dub them, are nearly all bred to the business, as regularly as an artisan serves his apprenticeship in his craft. And these wretched lads are the ore out of which the veteran villains form and polish their tools: and from being the tool, they advance in their turn to mould and wield them. Mr. Thomas says exactly this:—

The constable observed, that it was a system of prevention of crime that was wanted; but hundreds of boys, who were known to have no honest means of living, were allowed to prowl daily and nightly about all parts of the metropolis, and as soon as they arrived at the age of 16 or 17 years, they became street-robbers or burglars.

We fully agree with Sir Richard that taking these boys up en masse, would be of the very greatest public advantage. And, if it be considered, as we fear it must, that the acts above discussed are insufficient for the purpose, we hope some active member of Parliament will bring in a bill to furnish the necessary powers. Prevention, where it can be effected without incurring too great a danger of abuse of power, is better even than punishment. And, we think that, in the present instance, very little harm could be done, and that a great deal of benefit would.

12th. We have to record another first appearance; at least, it has been so completely to us. We saw last night a new Mr. Liston make his appearance in the part of Adam Brock in a piece acted for the first time, entitled "Charles XII., or the Siege of Stralsund." Liston, we have always been in danger of bursting by laughing at. Playing parts manufactured for himself, his power over the muscles is totally irresistible: but we have always had a sort of lurking consciousness that he was not sterling; for (not to mention Shakspeare) he never could play any stock part in his life. Last night it certainly was not a stock part—for it was the first performance of a new piece—but it was a part which merits to be a stock part—(we never care whether a good thing be in a tragedy, opera, farce, or melodrame—deuce take dignity—if a thing be good, we never ask its name)—à priori, we should have said

that it was written exactly that Liston should not be able to act it—but Mr. Planché, it seems, knew him better than we did, and has given him wherewithal to make a decided hit.

The first act of this piece is admirably conceived, exceedingly well written, and transcendently acted. The story of the piece is of an exiled officer, falsely accused of treason, with whom Brock, a rich farmer, had some early connection, and whom he shelters in his distress. The character of Brock may be summed up in one word—goodness; fine, jolly, blunt, open-hearted, merry-tempered, benevolent goodness. And the manner in which Liston embodied it was one of the most perfect things we ever beheld. None of his own grimaces-no jabbering to the pit without saying a word, according to his usual fashion. This was fine, real, straightforward acting; sometimes reminding us a little of both Fawcett and Farren; but with a richness of his own superadded. The scene between Brock and the king was as fine a bit of comedy as we have seen for a long time-though it was still at Drury-Lane, worthy correspondent. Farren's Charles XII. was perfect, but that need cause no surprise. The character has been drawn with far too much of the milk of human kindness for that mad, blood-thirsty mohawk, who thought his subjects might be governed by his boot, and did not care how far his wild abominations drove its spur into their vitals. But, of course, this modification was necessary in a piece which was to end happily through his means—and Farren played the part admirably. As he entered, which was through a door, in the flat, the rogue knew that the door-frame exactly served the use of that of a picture, and there he stood for a minute or two, the exact counterpart of the wellknown picture of Charles XII. His coat was green, though it should have been blue. In the scene with Brock, it is difficult to say which was the best, except that that style of excellence was not expected from Liston. The king comes merely as an officer, and Brock goes through a history to him of having, when Charles was in emergency for cash in one of his campaigns, advanced to the Princess Ulrica, for him, a sum of money, which the king had chosen to forget to pay, And, though he still seems proud of him in the main, he lets out, in his (Brock's not Liston's) hearty, free-spoken manner, all manner of jibes and raps against the king. Charles then tells him he is sent to pay the money, and hands him an order on the treasury. Brock, mollified at once at being duly paid, says the king may want it still, and proceeds to light his pipe with it. Just then, a burgomaster, with an unrememberable name, admirably played by Harley, enters, and suspects the king of being the exiled officer; he summons the whole village, and examines him: the equivoque-by which every answer the king gives, though strictly true, is turned by the magistrate against him—is conducted with great skill. At last, however, the truth comes out. The burgomaster asks him his name, and he answers "Charles," to the great indignation of the civic dignitary, who thinks it a contempt of court. "What was your father's name, fellow?" (We do not profess to give the exact words.) "Charles, also." "Had he no other name?" "Why, as others had borne it, he was sometimes called Charles XI., of Sweden. I am Charles the Twelfth!"

The second act is spun out too much, but we doubt not it will be compressed hereafter. There is a very lively bit in it, in which Brock's

daughter acts over to her female friend, the exile's daughter, how the king ought to behave to her father, who is about to be brought before him. The king is behind, and when the exile is brought before him, says exactly what Miss Brock has said, mimicking her mimicry of him.

At the end, the king desires Brock to demand of him the boon which he had promised, when he became known after the farmer had burned the treasury-order. He asks one or two things, about the exile, and the burgomaster who had been disgraced; but Charles had already done the things asked, from motives of his own. At last, Brock not being able to think of any thing, Liston does—and begs Farren, or Charles, or both, to advance, and say a few deprecatory words to the audience. But Charles answers him that he still must remain in his debt—as he has more influence in that quarter, and therefore must speak for himself. He advances accordingly, and after a few words begs the audience will allow him to say "Long live Charles XII.!"

With such a striking piece of acting as Liston's we doubt not that it will. We are most far from drawing any comparison to Farren's slight; and we are not quite sure whether the little finale above-mentioned would not have been better omitted—but we always expect perfection from him, and, therefore, it is no surprise to find it. But Liston is an irregular genius—now admirable, now extravagant—now right, now wrong. And, last night, it was not so much the degree, as the kind, of excellence which astonished and gratified us so much. He, of course, never can lose his own inimitable and delicious Listonism,—but now we find, which we before doubted, that he has in him qualities of an

higher order still *.

18th. We are rejoiced to see that the Catholic Association has determined not to sanction "exclusive dealing." Nay more, the tone which the great majority of the speakers on the subject adopted, was such as to do one's heart good. The expressions of unqualified abhorrence and loathing which the very idea of such a measure occasioned in their minds, were what one might expect from persons of ardent dispositions, strongly excited in the cause of humanity and social feeling. We shall not say more on this very odious subject—the less it is mentioned the better. But, as in our Diary of last month, we noticed the rumour of its being adopted, with dread—we think it right now to mention, with joy, its final and unqualified rejection.

24th. We are very glad to see intellectual feelings "marching" into a quarter, where, hitherto, marching of another description has greatly retarded their approach. We rejoice to see the liberal and conciliatory spirit of the following admonitory regulation, which we copy from among some others published to-day as having been recently issued by Sir Herbert Taylor. The army—the country—must feel grateful to this accomplished officer—as also to the amiable General-in-chief, Lord Hill—for inculcating the principles here set forth. It is laying down broadly the great principle that kindness and reason are better instruments wherewith to rule, than sheer force. The obedience is more ready, more

^{*} Wonders will never cease. Half-a-dozen different papers all proclaim that Mr. Braham has just burst forth "a first-rate comedian"!

cheerful, more intelligent—and therefore more complete. The adoption of these principles will make the soldier happier, the officer more worthy. We confess, we would gladly see the same spirit more general between superior and inferior in other classes as well as the military. That cold, almost sullen, haughtiness which the English are so apt to throw into their manner towards those under their power, is, we think, beginning to decline. But the thaw is very gradual—and we would wish to see it most rapid. As the young, however, of these days grow up, we hope to see it advance more and more: and, certainly, there can be no greater tribute to the principle of substituting kind and courteous, for stern and severe, treatment, than the following order to the army—in which, of course, subordination is necessary to an extent quite needless in ordinary life.

The Order is addressed to the general officers commanding districts,

to be observed at inspections :-

Finally, the General Officer will take every opportunity of impressing upon the Commanding-officer, and through him upon those of every rank, the advantage which they, individually, the corps, and the service at large, will derive from the adoption towards the non-commissioned officer and soldier of a system of command and treatment which shall be free from the coarse and offensive language too often used in reproving the soldier for trifling irregularities, or for accidental omissions. They should be told that the use of gross language and offensive terms, upon any occasion, is not only unbecoming their own character and station, as officers and gentlemen, but degrading to the soldier; whereas it is desirable to keep up in all ranks of the army a proper feeling, and high sense of honour, by which the correct

discharge of duty will be best insured.

The gross abuse which is often lavished on a soldier for a trifling fault, an accidental mistake, or an unintentional omission, produces irritation or sulk, and to this cause, more than to any other, may be traced acts of insubordinafion, which entail the necessity of severe punishment. If reproof be necessary, it should be conveyed in such a manner, and in such terms, as will make a lasting impression, without hurting the feelings of the individual and lowering him in his own estimation. The officers should, not only themselves, observe this injunction, but they should require it to be observed by the non-commissioned officers; and indeed their example will very soon have the effect of checking the use of improper and offensive terms on the part of the non-commissioned officers towards the soldiers. If acts of intentional neglect and of insubordination should take place, although wholly unprovoked by any treatment received, the means of correction and punishment which are authorized by the regulations of the service must be resorted to, and they will have double effect if not preceded by coarse and abusive language; indeed it will probably be found that they will become comparatively rare, as the duty will be done more cheerfully and zealously.

By command of the Right Hon. General Lord Hill,

H. TAYLOR, Adjutant-General.

26th. There is in the Times of this morning a letter, signed "An Inhabitant of Camberwell," addressed to Mr. Peel, setting forth the shamefully insecure state in which that neighbourhood is placed, with regard to burglaries, and soliciting further protection. On the writer's own shewing, a considerable portion of the evil arises from the perverseness of the parochial authorities in placing all the watchmen in the large streets and highways, and leaving the bye-lanes, upon which the back part of

most of the houses abut, totally unguarded. With this, of course, the government has nothing to do. Still, supposing the parochial watch were managed as skilfully as possible, we think that in the outskirts of London it does need some assistance from the general police.

But it is not to speak of this individual case that we are induced to take notice of this letter: there is one general allegation in it, which we know to be true, and which goes to the very core of our present policesystem, concerning which we wish to make a few observations:-the writer says-" It is well known that without the offer of large rewards, many of the officers cannot be induced to exert themselves for the apprehension of offenders. Their plea is that their pay is inadequate, and that they are exposed to much expense in seeking for information and evidence, which, if unsuccessful, falls upon themselves :-that their numbers, also, are very inadequate to the increase of buildings." That their pay is absurdly out of proportion with the duties they are called upon to execute, will appear when we say that their average salary is only five-and-twenty shillings a-week *. When we consider what they are called upon to do in the case of an extensive robbery, executed with skill,—such a salary as this manifestly necessitates their being otherwise rewarded. They are, and they must be, paid by the job. Now, it is impossible there can be a more evil principle than this. It is giving the officers of police a direct interest in the commission of crime. We are most far from making any, even the least, insinuation against any of the existing officers—we have no knowledge of any thing in their conduct to reprehend. But the principle is a bad one; it must expose the honesty of these men to the severest temptation, and not many years ago the rewards for capital convictions led some of them, who previously held the highest character, into a regular combination to cause the commission of crime for the sake of the reward on conviction.

Moreover, such a system puts a poor man beyond the protection of the law altogether. If he is robbed, he has no chance of recovering his property: it is not worth the officers' while—they, in fact, cannot afford it—to exert themselves to that effect. Supposing a tradesman, in a moderate way of business, has his shop broken open, and, in proportion to his wealth, a large quantity of goods stolen, how is he to recover them? He cannot afford to pay the officers largely, and they cannot afford to seek information, to follow up slight clues, to the great consumption of their time, nay, perhaps, to spend money in doing both, without being paid for it in proportion.

We have heard it laid down as a principle that it ought to be the individual who has been robbed who should pay. We should like to know what we pay taxes for?—for general Government, is it not—And is it not the very first and most direct duty of all government to provide for the safety of life and property? In the other case, as we have shewn, people who cannot afford to pay largely for being robbed have no protection at all: and it is an outrageous and insulting tax upon any one, how rich soever he may be. If every man is to do the best or himself, Society would be at an end at once. The principle on which

We should scarcely give credit to so small a sum, were it not that we have been so informed by a police-magistrate.

it rests demands combination and mutual protection. The means adopted for that protection are the establishment of a general government amply paid to carry its duties into effect. And, then, are we to be told that every man must pay individually to obtain redress in the event of his being robbed? The principle is monstrous—and were it not that we know it has been strongly advocated, we should scarcely

think it worthy of notice.

The whole system of the police of the metropolis should undergo a thorough revision—and we believe that it soon will. And among the first subject to be remodelled should be the body known by the name of Police-Officers. It should be a regularly-organized corps, consisting of due gradations, all amply paid. They would then be able to exert themselves as they ought, without demanding, or being permitted to demand, a farthing from individuals. Expenses fairly and properly incurred in gaining necessary information, and duly authenticated, should be paid out of public funds, as well as any other necessary proceeding to bring offenders to justice: but, of course, every care should be taken to ascertain the necessity.

It is undoubted that crimes against property are now very prevalent in London and its neighbourhood. The causes are manifold—and we probably shall devote some consideration to this subject next month. The fact, however, is so; and we cannot say we think it likely to be diminished while there is a direct interest given to the officers that crime should be committed rather than prevented. The whole flashhouse system is on this principle. It encourages and increases the existence of crime, while it gives assistance to its detection. This scandal, also, we hope will not be suffered much longer to exist.

27th. It is impossible to close our Diary for the month of December. 1828, without noticing the Duke of Wellington's letter to Dr. Curtis, on the Catholic question. It is, indeed, a document well worthy of being considered memorable; for the duke, knowing the immense importance which any declaration of his on this subject would have, must have been especially careful in its preparation, and thoroughly determined to stand to what it might contain. The first point in it is the announcement of his wish for Catholic emacipation: " I assure you that you do me justice in believing, that I am anxious to witness the settlement of the Roman Catholic question, which, by benefiting the state, would confer a benefit on every individual belonging to it." This clearly manifests a desire that it should be possible to grant the Catholic claims-for the words are prospective; -and, either the Catholic question is settled, for the Anti-Catholics do not wish for any such possibility, but desire matters to remain as they are—or it can be settled only by concession;—at the least of some kind and degree. We are almost ashamed to set forth so self-evident a proposition as this-but we have known the Orangemen quibble more subtilly than it would even require to wrest the meaning of the duke's words into a declaration against the Catholics.

But, then, the duke goes on to say that he sees "no prospect of such a settlement.—Party," he continues, "has been mixed up with the consideration of the question to such a degree, and such violence pervades every discussion of it, that it is impossible to expect to prevail

upon men to consider it dispassionately." "We agree with his grace that it will be, at least, exceedingly difficult to get the majority of persons to regard this question dispassionately;—but is it likely that they ever will? Passion exists just as strongly on the side which the Duke of Wellington thinks holds erroneous views—viz., those who say that, not from temporary causes, but, on eternal principle, emancipation never should be granted—as it does it on the opposite, in whose general and ultimate object the duke now professes to agree—Emancipation. Why then should the party which he thinks wrong, be singled out to have things as they wish?—Simply, we believe, because things are so

at this moment.

" If," says the duke, "we could bury it [the Catholic question] in oblivion for a short time, and employ that time diligently in the consideration of its difficulties on all sides (for they are very great) I should not despair of seeing a satisfactory remedy." Now, the wording of this, the concluding passage of the duke's letter, is vague. We pass over the mere use of the word oblivion, as contradicted by the wish to employ the period of oblivion in diligent thought of the subject-that is a mere slip of the pen-but we should like exceedingly to know what degree of cessation of agitation of the question would amount to the idea which the Duke of Wellington has expressed by the term oblivion. To use the word in its strict sense, it is manifest he never could intend. We need not argue to prove that no sane man in the three kingdoms could suppose that the Catholic question could, while undecided, be forgotten. Neither is it probable that the duke could expect that the Catholics could thoroughly abstain from urging it forward. His grace must have meant by the phrase "burying" the question " in oblivion," some certain degree of moderation and forbearance in treating it. We would gladly know what degree would tally with his conception.

At all events, one great good has been obtained by this declaration of the duke's, for which the public should be most grateful to him. It thoroughly renounces the Brunswickers both in action and principle: in action, for it decries violence—in principle, for it expresses a

" sincere anxiety" for the possibility of Emancipation.

HUNGARIAN TALES*.

These tales are manifestly the production of a gifted and cultivated mind. They are written with ease, freshness, and, where it is needed, force, and scarcely ever betray exuberance or affectation. Their object is, partly, as is announced by the title and in the preface, to describe Hungary and the Hungarians;—the author (who is understood, and indeed in more than one place in these volumes is stated, to be a lady) having passed some time, recently, in that part of Europe. We confess we had considerable forebodings on this score. We bethought us what innumerable scenes of unnecessary description, both of men and

^{* 3} vols. post 8vo. Lond, 1829. Saunders and Ottley.

things, awaited us—what pen-and-ink feasts would be put before us, and in what splendid paper-equipages we should take the air. To our great relief, we found that the utmost forbearance and skill distinguished the work on this most difficult and tempting point. We see a great deal of both the country and the people, but we become acquainted with both in the most easy and unconscious manner; the scenery is never more minutely described than is necessary for the locality, or the associations, of the story—nor are the general habits of the people detailed more than is required for our thorough knowledge of its

persons.

The whole consists of eight tales, of very different lengths and subjects; the longest occupies a volume and a half, and the shortest about thirty pages. This longest, which is also the most elaborate, stands first;—it is called Cassian, though why, it is difficult to discover, inasmuch as the personage of that name is seen only at the beginning and end of the story—which follows the fortunes of the heroine throughout. There are, in this tale, a great deal of knowledge of human nature—much delicacy and sweetness-and, here and there, outbreaks of very considerable force; but, besides faults of detail, there is one which pervades the whole, to which indeed the author herself alludes, which, though it may not appear to be a fault in the eyes of some readers, certainly to us diminished very greatly the gratification which the powers displayed in the story were calculated to give. We mean the gloom which pervades the whole composition from beginning to end. That gloom is thoroughly accounted for-is admirably rendered-but still it is gloom, and, though not unvaried, yet constant. In short, as we said while we were reading the story, the pleasure we derive from this is communicated through the medium of pain.

The author is herself conscious of this, and pleads very humbly in pardon. She, however, uses the word "dulness" instead of gloom—which, she may rest assured, no one but herself would ever have dreamed of using. It is about the middle of the story that she makes this singular appeal. She says that she might have introduced, in perfect unison with the scene and persons, a thousand descriptions "equally new to the English reader, and inviting to the English writer,"—a thousand minor characters which might have afforded "very original specimens of national character and individual comedy:"—

But whenever I have meditated such an entrée, or such details, my spirit hath shrunk rebuked by the impulse of its own levity. My story is a true one; true as far as regards its principal facts and awful catastrophe; and it therefore shuns such adventitious ornaments as grace the more lively imaginings of fiction. I feel that the back-ground of my picture, like that of Titian's Pietro Martire, should be dark and lowering; that every period, like the overtures which announce the fable of an Opera Seria by Mozart or Paesiello, should be attuned into a solemn cadence; and if the result of such opinions renders my story too cold and too monotonous for the taste of those unto whom it is addressed, let them lay it aside;—I feel myself incapable of amending my fault.

No one who has followed the tale thus far can, as the author must be very well assured, "lay it aside." But still it is a fault, and we most sincerely wish it had been avoided. There is so much that is

admirable, in the tale, of various sorts—the insight into the folds of nature, and the power of developing them, especially,—that we lament the more the general tone of depression which does certainly pervade it, from first to last. The story is true! What's that to us? We do not care a pinch of snuff whether the story be fact or fiction—except that we are sorry that such a virulent ruffian as Lingotski could ever have existed, or that there should have been a person so amiable and at the same time ill-fated as Iölina.

It is not our purpose to go into the story of Cassian-we shall now only just jauntily mention one or two little faults of detail. First, we object to the charming Princess Betthyani. We were very fast falling in love with her-so much brilliancy, sense, and feeling together were irresistible-when she becomes at once utterly odious by her shameless duplicity to Iölina in not communicating the real contents of her letter to Lingotski. We hope this is not among the real parts of the story. Secondly, we do not like the nature—though not exactly the events of the catastrophe being announced early in the book. And thirdly, and chiefly, if we do not like this from the author herself, how can we endure it from gipsies? We should like to know whether all literary people are, in imitation of Sir Walter, gone back to the belief in Moher Goose? There really ought to be some legislative enactment to lut a stop to prophecies and omens in novels and tales. And here, it is totally out of keeping with all the rest of the book—to the great ben fit thereof, and relief of its readers. No-no-magic and forebod ug should be confined to the pantomimes.

And now are we sorely tempted to go off at score into a magnificent polical essay upon the constitution of Hungary. There are very nice fact to comment upon for about a dozen pages or so: the unlimited power of the nobles, the (therefore) unlimited poverty and depression of the people;—the barbarism of the Magnats, isolated in their nationality, carried to a pitch not short of farcical;—the —— but no;—we are reviewing a book of tales, and we will not propound our lucurations, however admirable, on the government of nations.

N. st., is a tale entitled the Tzigány, which means a gipsey. This is very lelightfully done indeed. The description of the midnight-meeting of the Tzigány and his love is one of the best-drawn scenes we have ead for a long time. And the girl going and telling her father in the morning is a noble trait. We are quite vexed that this story was not nade to end happily. For, though the concluding scene is admirably sketched, one could have sworn to its result.

We come next to the tale honoured by our especial preference—which we intend to "review,"—therefore, before we set about that important task, we shall just dispose of the other half-dozen. (Plague take i! how cramped for room, one gets at this full-bearing season of books!) The 'Elizabethines' is a touching picture—the 'Ferry on the Danube' a smart, strong sketch, and the 'Festival of the Three Kings'—oh, why did not the author continue the 'Festival of the Three Kings'? The idea is admirable—a sublime farce is coming—and lo! the curtain drops at the end of the first scene. The idea is of an Hung, rian Magnat, national up to the very fourteenth century—holding firm to the maxim prevalent in those regions, that "Extra Hunga-

rium non est vita,"—having (would he ever?) consented to his son going abroad—who returns with an English barouche, and a French valet—having hunted in Lecetáshare, and lounged in the Rue Vivienne; a thorough travelled gentleman! We quite agree in the fitness of making the foppishness only the froth, and the young man sound wine, "any thing to the contrary notwithstanding;" but that need not have so totally checked the developement of the impayable contrast, even without one scene between the Anglo-Parisian son, and the Hungo-Hungo-Hungarian father.

The Balsam-seller of Thurotzer is very lively and rapid—but we do not think the title of the work being "Hungarian Tales," should have deprived us of Rumalie's Arabian adventures. We are quite sure we did not care a jot for forgetting Hungary, when we were at Erizan, with the Jewish girl and the plague. Of the Infanta at Presburg, if we speak at all, we must speak a great deal. We should like to discuss it. It is a bold subject to choose—and certainly well worked out. Here, too, there is gloom—but thoroughly well accounted

for, and sent to the right-about at last-" for a time."

We now come back to the Tavernicus, which means, being interpreted, one of the chief officers of the Hungarian Treasury. This, taken altogether, we like the best of all the tales. There are three or four exquisite characters admirably sketched. Hungarian scenes, manners, and people, are most necessarily brought in, and felicitously described—and, above all, it ends happily. Really, we are grown sick of misfortune, and are right glad to be allowed to be a little comfortable when we can. We have not space to go through the tale as we could wish; we must content ourselves with giving an abstract of the story in a dozen lines, and then favour our readers (which we have

not done yet) with some extracts.

The story is simply this:-The Tavernicus arrives incognito at the Blaue Igel, (the Blue Hedgehog,) " the chief inn at the little village of Dorogh." He finds the host in great trouble at his rent being raised to an extent, he will not—he has sworn not to—submit to, by the Chapter of Gran, under whom he holds the house. This landlord has a daughter, whom we consider one of the most charmingly drawn characters we have met with for a very long time—the reader will, doubtless, see why anon: -she loves, and is loved, by her father's kellermeister—he is once or twice called waiter, but we are each time ready to exclaim-" No waiter, but a knight-templar"! He takes it into his head, on the most absurdly slight grounds, to be jealous of the mysterious traveller. The Tavernicus, who is come down with all manner of powers from Joseph II., to redress grievances in Hungary, pities Suzsi's despair about her father's removal,—and promises her that he will prevent it, on condition that she will be secret till his return towards Vienna in about a fortnight or a month. After this, every thing goes wrong. Franz Westermann, her lover, is outrageously jealous—and really for nothing at all;—they come to no explanation, but se boudent till it begins to prey upon her health. Her father grows sour and surly-odious intruding lovers try to take advantage of the manifest quarrel between her and her Franz-till, at last, knowing that all these evils—and they increase in number and intensity, till really JANUARY, 1829.

the reader is frightened, and begins to think she will die,—knowing that they all depend upon a word, she determines to act—and she persuades her o'd godfather—another character, which, though a little caricatured at lack is worth its no slight weight in gold—to carry her to Buda. She goes—sees the Tavernicus, who introduces her to the Archduchess, as a specimen of the Hungarian contadine—gives her the lease of the Hedgehog, renewed at the old rent—loads her with presents, as also does the Archduchess—and sends her back, with god-papa Blaschka, whose head is turned for ever by the notice taken of him by the giggling maids of honour of her Imperial Highness. Of course, on her return, all is cleared up, and the lovers are married, according to the worthy, but now, alas! somewhat obsolete, custom of the conclusion of tales.

We admire this skeleton exceedingly: it is so scrupulously dry bone. Now, for some of the integuments. The following is her conversation with her godfather on the score of her father's sufferings at the necessity of his removal:—

"You may perceive how sore my father is becoming on the subject of the Chapter. But it is not when he is irritated, and speaks as he did to-night, that I am grieved for him, neighbour Johann; it is when I hear him moaning and lamenting the livelong night; and can even distinguish through the boarded partition, that he calls on my poor mother's name, and those of my brothers and sisters; telling them that he shall be driven forth in his old age to bide in a strange home, far from the grave-yard of Dorogh!—Then what can I do but weep in my turn, and feel that I would give up every thing to induce him to comply with the terms of their reverences; or, dismissing all his cares, settle at once in the town of Buda, within sight of his own vineyards."

"While thou, Suzsi, with Franz for thy helpmeet, wouldst take his place

at the Blaue Igel," observed her godfather reproachfully.

"Now Heaven forgive you for the thought," exclaimed Suzsi, blushing with indignation. "For well might you know,—you, friend Blaschka, who have watched me from my baby-days,—that even if the Palatine would make me a court lady, to flaunt in brocade at the palace, I would not leave my father alone in his grayheaded years. And why do I wish him to remain here, rather than retire to the city, but that Franz with his book learning, and his civil speech, and ready welcome to the gentry who frequent the inn, can do him better service than as a vintager; in which capacity all his scholarship would not render him stronger or more active than a common Slowak labourer."

"So-so," interrupted Blaschka, striving to deprecate her wrath, "I believe thee, girl,—I believe thee."

"Leave my father!"—continued poor Suzsi, almost in tears, "leave my dear kind old father,—no! not for the mines of Lipto,—not to be queen over Hungary!"

"Well spoken, and bravely felt," said a strange voice from beside the stove. And Johann and Suzsi, looking towards the spot, perceived that during their discourse, a stranger had entered the saal: a tall, well-looking young man, in a somewhat rusty riding cloak and cap.

We beg to say that we had ourselves made an exclamation tantamount to that of the traveller, before we knew of his existence. From that moment Suzsi gained our admiration and respect—and well does she deserve them both. Her firmness—her truth to plighted word, under the most trying of human circumstances—at last, the kindling of her mind to self-decision, self-reliance, and action—all

JANUARY IDEN.

these shew that, under similar circumstances, Suzsi would have been a Jeanie Deans-though, we will answer for it, the idea of Jeanie never crossed the author's mind, notwithstanding the similarity of some of the circumstances. She is a great deal prettier, however, than Jeanie—and thence the knot of the story—viz., the jealousy. Now, this jealousy is, as it is done, the main, indeed, the only considerable, fault in the tale. The grounds given are so exceedingly slight, that any man who could carry on a continued, vindictive jealousy, on such an account, must have been one utterly bad in mind and heart-which our friend Franz, though we see but little of him, is by no means meant to be. This should be altered in two points-more apparent cause should be given for the jealousy; and he never should have said one word to her discredit. A man, such as we are led to believe him to be, would rather have had his tongue drawn out with pincers first. But our readers shall judge:-

The stranger had scarcely seated himself before his repast, when a band of zigeuner who were passing through the village having noticed the lights still burning in the saal, entered without further invitation, and established themselves in the back-ground, for the performance of one of their singular concerts. A dulcimer, two violins, a monochord and a bass, were the instruments employed, - all of their own manufacture; and without the least knowledge of counterpoint, or of music as a science, they contrived to maintain a very decent degree of harmony; each in turn improvisating a variation upon the motivo sustained by the others,—a very beautiful and characteristic national melody. On the conclusion of their concerted piece, old Matthias, who was vain of his daughter's talents and sweet voice, desired one of the violinists to repeat alone the accompaniment of the same air; which he called upon Suzsi to sing in her best manner, for the entertainment of his The young girl, unused to disobey, came forward without delay or affectation; and, save that she held the corner of her plaited apron for support and countenance, without any remarkable shew of timidity. Her voice was sweet and touching; and after breathing a prelude whose tripled notes closely resembled the call of a quail, she proceeded to sing the following

HYMN.

What lowly voice repeats with plaintive wail, Ama Deum,—ama Deum! So sings amid the corn the lowly quail, Ama Deum, -ama Deum!

There crouching in her loneliness, The Giver of the fields around.— Oh! let me breathe the same soft sound—

Ama Deum,_ama Deum!

List! as the evening sun sinks low and dim, Ama Deum, -ama Deum!

The patient quail renews her vesper hymn,

Ama Deum,-ama Deum!

Watching besides the turfen nest Wherein her callow fledgelings rest. There as I bend my wandering feet Let me her holy strain repeat-

Ama Deum, ama Deum #!

^{*} I have heard this little song so modulated as to offer the closest imitation of the wachtelschlag, or quail-call, whose name it hears, in Germany;-I believe, however, it is of Italian origin,

Suzsi who, in the interest of her song, had lost the coy shyness arising from singing it to a stranger, had dropt the protecting corner of her apron, while she sweetly repeated the triple notes, which were modulated so as to imitate the quail-call with remarkable exactness; and stood with her right hand extended, her head bent forward, with flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes, when Franz, having concluded his diplomatic labours, entered the saal!

The first object that met his inquiring eyes, was the handsome young stranger leaning back negligently in his chair,—his supper standing untouched before him on the table,—and his eyes fixed, with no equivocal expression of admiration, upon those of the heiress of the Blue-Hedgehog! Poor Franz felt an indescribable thrill through every vein, at the sight; and disdaining to hush the echo of his heavy footsteps in compliment to the singer, he stalked towards the table with the air of a Bajazet, twisting his mustachios with a demonstration of mental martyrdom which Kean might have envied.

This really is all she does-for the rest is entirely the stranger-

who, seeing that Franz is jealous,-

began to pay her certain little attentions, which were hellebore and arsenic to poor Franz. He spoke his commands respecting the adjustment of his chamber in a whisper hard to be endured; and begged her to sweeten the coffee she had set before him, in a tone of gallantry such as had rarely been breathed before in the *Igelische Gasthof*.

And this is all: for the existence of her secret is known only to herself, and its revealment would, and in fact does, send the jealousy into the air at once. But, unfounded as it is, Suzsi suffers not the less:—

How darkly comes the first grievous cloud of suspicion over the fair heaven of youthful love!—With what profound disunion may a word,—a look,—an inference,—sever the ties of confiding affection,—those sweet and holy bonds which, of all human impulses, appear the worthiest of immortality. The peevishness of an idle hour will overcome the remembrance of years of untiring patience and exclusive devotion; and like the son of Thetis, Love himself is doomed to perish by a puerile wound, however bravely he may have resisted fiercer attacks,—however strong his buckler may have

proved against a more heroic enemy.

Poor Suzsi was but the child of the landlord of a country inn; but so gently, so purely had run the current of her young existence,—so solely devoted was her kind heart to the duties of a tender daughter and a Christian maiden, that her claims to commiseration appear to me nowise inferior to those of a more classic or more courtly heroine. The heart is of no degree; and I doubt, indeed, whether the one or the other could have been more sensible to the value of an honest man's warm affections, or could have drooped with more heart-stricken affliction under the evil interpretation of a wayward and jealous lover.—Hers was not a tearful sorrow; but it was deep, and tender, and overcoming.

The days went laggingly along;—her very existence appeared to have acquired a new character. She began to think that it might be endurable to abandon Dorogh and its green pastures, since Dorogh could wear so dull and joyless a seeming. The house was full of discordant noises,—the air seemed

to hang heavily upon her, when

Like an unrighteous and unburied ghost, She wandered up and down those long arcades.

The paths of the village looked dusty and uninviting when her restless heart prompted her to wander forth; and all the uses of this world seemed as flat and unprofitable to Suzsi, as they have done to every victim of discontent from the days of Hamlet until now. A thorn was in her heart;—a struggling

pain haunted her parched throat,—the tears came quivering importunately over her eyes; and never more painfully than when striving to assume a tone of merriment with her father's guests, in the vain hope of disguising the secret anguish of her feelings.

We would fain give the scene on the hill, but our limits warn us. The following is as much as we can find room for from the scenes at the palace. Old Blaschka thinks that "she has been looked on with the evil eye," when she boldly makes her way to the presence of the Tavernicus:-

He was fain to follow her airy footsteps, however, into a chamber of which two splendidly-liveried attendants held open the folding doors; just as a voice within, which appeared unaccountably familiar to his ears, exclaimed to his companion, "Suzsi! my flower of Dorogh! you must have thought that I had forgotten you; -I have not so far wronged my conscience, susses madchen. Even in the press of weighty affairs committed

to my charge, your own have not been neglected."

"And you, too, my Demosthenes of the speise-saal-my Mirabeau of Hungarian sans-culottisme,—how hath gone the world with you, since we drained a measure together at the Blue-Hedgehog?" continued the young Tavernicus, towards Johann Blaschka, whose great eyes were fixed in utter consternation upon a vast mirror that reflected the whole interior of the gorgeous chamber. "How fares it now? What, dumb—speechless altogether?-You, in whose reproof was wisdom,-in whose rhetoric was conviction?

"Johann Blaschka!" faltered the old man aghast. "Johann Blaschka himself," he reiterated, as the Tavernicus perceived that his distended eyes were riveted upon the reflection of his own shape in the mirror before him.

Suzsi, meanwhile, had advanced towards the writing-table by which the Tavernicus was seated; and having humbly kissed his hand, and thanked him for his honourable remembrance, she proceeded to acquaint him with the sorrow and humiliating suspicions to which she had been exposed in her faithful preservation of his secret. "Noble sir!" said she, smiling through her tears, "I trust you may never know such grief as that which has made my cheek so pale, and my heart so heavy, since I was last honoured by your lordship's countenance. Trust me, tekintetes Grof, nothing less than this would have emboldened me to trespass on your goodness, that I might crave permission to explain the truth to—to—my father, and to "—
"My father's daughter's jealous lover? Why Suzsi, I had rather my

name had been bruited—even in the very ears of the captious Ur Pal,—rather my titles had been proclaimed by all the heralds of the empire, than that one tear of thine had been wasted to secure my incognito. "Here," continued he, taking a parchment from his secretary, "here is the lease; I fought a good fight with my worthy friends the Canons to carry my point;
—a bloodier battle methinks hath not chanced in Hungary betwixt priest and layman, since the fatal field of Mohacs saw seven bishops left stiff and stark upon its turf. But no matter. The Chapter of Gran hath added, at my instigation, another life to the renewal of the lease; and 'tis granted in the name of Suzsi Westermann, edis kintsem! *-say-hast thou aught to object?"

Surzi is presented to the Archduchess, and sings before her her Hungarian song. This scene is very delicately touched; but we would rather give the description of what she felt at all this, as well as old Blaschka.

[·] Edés kintsem! a term of endearment equivalent to the German mein schatz, my treasure.

Suzsi had made her lowliest parting acknowledgments,—had spoken her grateful farewell to her generous patron, the Tavernicus;—had even reached the outer court of the palace on her return homewards, before her companion had sufficiently recovered from his saisissement to breathe one word in utterance of his amazement. During their visit to the Palatine's princely abode the heart of the young girl had been awakened to sentiments of deeper interest than those of mere vulgar admiration. Her duty to her father, her devotion to her lover, her care for her own fair fame,—all were involved in the momentous change of her destiny. She was gratified,—triumphant,—clear from shame;—could she be interested at such a time by gilded cornices or inlaid floors?—could the splendours of a royal dwelling, or the flowing state of an Imperial presence disturb the gentle current of her heartfelt gratitude and joy?

Not so old Blaschka. His wonderment, when indeed it found leisure to expand itself in words, dwelt ever on the dazzling and inexplicable magnificence which had burst upon his bewildered senses; and maugre the untrim shagginess of the national capút in which he was enveloped,—maugre the rustiness of the flapped beaver, and still more—despite the uncollected mass of shapeless features it overshadowed, Master Johann descended the hill towards the suburb of Wasserthal, with an air of jauntiness, an elevation of head, and trippingness of step, which argued something of the self-delusions of Malvolio. The spirit of feminine mischief had indeed besieged the brains of the reverend elder. The giggling courtesy with which the court damsels had greeted his grotesque person and untutored demeanour, had proved as flattering to his perceptions as a more favourable notice; and the "hyperbolical fiend which vexed the man," prompted him to "talk of nothing but ladies."

We do not quite like the deceit practised upon Franz on their return. A fine, noble girl, like Suzsi, who has suffered so much from a necessary concealment, would have gone to him at once, and told him all. Nor does the supper-scene in any degree repay the sacrifice. The point is not come to after all; and moreover, that wretch Ménesatz is too odious to have been let within the doors.

We are quite aware how very imperfectly we have given any idea of even this tale, which we professed in some measure to analyze. We have not been able, from our cramped measure this month, to do any such thing, or we should have put it beyond all doubt whether we had bestowed upon it over-praise. We are aware it is cast in lowly life—And then?—We will quote the motto prefixed to its first chapter, to which the name of *Hood* is appended:

Alas! there's far from coats of frieze
To silk and satin gowns,—
But I doubt if God made like degrees
"Twixt courtly hearts and clowns'.

So do we. For the rest, lordly readers will find plenty of noble blood in the other stories; and, indeed, in the last there is no one below the rank of an archduchess. But, in all and each, we find the same merits and attractions, which must have gratified our readers in the extracts we have given; and, in some, excellences of other orders, with which we have had no opportunity of presenting them.

THE SEPARATION.

'Lorsque l'on aime comme il faut, Le moindre eloignement nous tue; Et ce, dont on cherit la vue, Ne revient jamais assez tôt.'—MOLIERE.

He's gone, dear Fanny!—gone at last—
We've said good bye—and all is over;
'Twas a gay dream—but it is past—
Next Tuesday he will sail from Dover.
Well! gentle waves be round his prow!
But tear and prayer alike are idle;
Oh! who shall fill my album now?
And who shall hold my poney's bridle?

Last night he left us after tea,—
I never thought he'd leave us—never;
He was so pleasant, wasn't he?
Papa, too, said he was so clever.
And, Fanny, you'll be glad to hear
That little boy that looked so yellow,
Whose eyes were so like his,—my dear,
Is a poor little orphan fellow!

That odious Miss Lucretia Browne,
Who, with her horrid pugs and Bibles,
Is always running through the town,
And circulating tracts—and libels;
Because he never danced with her,
Told dear mamma such hörrid scandal,
About his moral character,
For stooping, just to tie a sandal!

She said he went to fights and fairs—
That always gives Papa the fidgets;
She said he did not know his prayers,—
He's every Sunday at St. Bridget's!
She said he squeezed one's waist and hands,
Whene'er he waltzed—a plague upon her—
I danced with him at Lady Bland's,
He never squeezed me—'pon my honour.'

His regiment have got the route,

(They came down here to quell the riot;
And now—what can they be about?—

The stupid people are so quiet:)—

They say it is to India, too,

If there, I'm sure he'll get the liver!—

And should he bathe—he used to do—

They've crocodiles in ev'ry river.

There may be bright eyes there—and then!
(I'm sure I love him like a brother;)
His lute will soon be strung again,
His heart will soon beat for another.
I know him well! he is not false—
But when the song he loves is playing,
Or after he has danced a waltz—
He never knows what he is saying.

I know 'twas wrong—'twas very wrong— To listen to his wild romancing;

Last night I danced with him too long, One's always giddy after dancing:

But when he begg'd me so to sing,

And when he sigh'd, and ask'd me, would I?

And when he took my turquoise ring,-I'm sure I could not help it, could I?

Papa was lecturing the girls,

And talked of settlements and rentals ;-

I wore a white-lace frock—and pearls— He looked so well in regimentals!

And just before we came away,

While we were waiting for the carriage,

I heard him, not quite plainly, say Something of Blacksmiths—and of marriage.

He promised, if he could get leave,

He'd soon come back—I wonder can he?—

Lord Hill is very strict, I b'lieve;-

(What could be mean by Blacksmiths, Fanny?)

He said he wished we ne'er had met,-

I answer'd—it was lovely weather !—

And then he bade me not forget

The pleasant days we'd pass'd together.

He's gone—and other lips may weave

A stronger spell than mine to bind him;

But bid him, if he love me, leave

Those rhymes he made me love, behind him:

Tell him I know those wayward strings

Not always sound to mirthful measures;

But sighs are sometimes pleasant things, And tears from those we love are treasures.

Tell him to leave off drinking wine,

Tell him to break himself of smoking,

Tell him to go to bed at nine-

His hours are really quite provoking.

Tell him I hope he won't get fat,

Tell him to act with due reflection;

Tell him to wear a broad leafed hat,

Or else he'll ruin his complexion.

Tell him I am so ill to-day,

Perhaps to-morrow I'll be better;

Tell him before he goes away,

To write me a consoling letter:

Tell him to send me down that song
He said he loved the best of any—

Tell him I'm sure I can't live long,

And—bid him love me—won't you, Fanny?

THE EDITOR'S ROOM.

No. X.

WE will spend our Christmas in our Room! And truly this is not a stingy, unsocial, cheerless, bachelor resolve. Heaven be praised, we have friends enow to greet us at such a season—and most dear intimates, whom a single whistle would call around our humble but happy board. We are not of those wretched idolators of woe, who

Quarrel with mince-pie, and disparage Their best and dearest friend, plum-porridge.

We have a reverence for Christmas. We love its present enjoyments and its traditionary glories. We rejoice in the Turkey of 1828, and the Boar's Head of 1618. We lie awake at night listening for the Waits; and have a ready smile for the Beadle's verses. The dustman offends us not when he tells us that his medal is a 'head of Frederick the Great,—reverse, the Genius of Victory;'—and the Sexton has our best wishes that he may laugh and grow fat when he brings us 'the Bills of Mortality.'—We love Christmas—its sentiment and its avarice, its jollity and its apoplexies:—but nevertheless, this Christmas we dine at home. Between church and dinner we will be critical.

And assuredly we shall spend this Christmas in most excellent society. Our books shall be our guests: and whilst our children (reader, we have seven) pay a visit to their aunts, we will entertain some of the choicest spirits of the month—we had almost said of our time—at our frugal board, where no boisterous mirth shall then intrude. On New Year's Eve and Twelfth Night our self-denial shall be repaid. Then, indeed, no night-mare of Maga shall lie heavy on our breast:—no vision of a fearful man, with a bald head and spectacles, crying "sleep no more, Duncan," shall start us from our irresponsible slumbers. We will eat, and drink, and laugh, and sleep, with no fear of the devil before our eyes (a polite but an inexorable devil); and it shall go hard but the prodigalities of old Christmas shall recompense us for the privations of the New.

And now to our consolations—Books, eternal books.—What a prolific monster is this Press. She devours her own children and produces them in new forms. The history that perished yesterday soars into the April skies the novel of to-day;—and the novel of to-day, which dies ere the sun goes down, is transmuted into the history of to-morrow. And this is the course of Nature,—and why not therefore

of books?

Imperious Cæsar dead and turn'd to clay, Might stop a hole to keep the wind away.

The whole secret of the world's career is resolved by the little word Change; and whether the transformation be from a grub to a butter-fly—or from a man to a grub,—the philosopher has only to rejoice that nothing is lost, and to hope that even a butterfly or his poet has not lived in vain.

We intend no reflection upon Mr. Bayly. Mr. Bayly is a very pretty poet; and may in some sort be considered the founder of a

school. 'The Crow-Quill School of Poetry' has been called into existence by the rage for Albums and Annuals; and it is truly a matter of rejoicing that such gentle talents receive their earthly reward. Although the honied sweetness of Keepsakes and Souvenirs may be copied into such rude productions as Mirrors and Extractors, the music of Mr. Bayly's verses is only allowed to be published by Mr. Power; and most encouraging it is, for us of small inclination to labour, and a pretty talent for rhyming, that a song is thus rendered worth fifty pounds in the market, while a sermon is printed for the especial benefit of the trunk-makers. For ourselves, seeing that no bookseller will buy our 'History of the Eighteenth Century, with original illustrations of the age of Louis XIV. and of the American and French Revolutions,' we intend to open a negotiation with Goulding and D'Almaine. Six hundred a year shall purchase us for life; and our 'fatal facility' shall be the admiration of every fair pianist in the three kingdoms.

And yet, though the Muses be Sisters, each, as it appears to us, ought to have her appropriate empire. We are not sure that Mr. Bayly, or even Mr. Moore, do not come within the penalties of the old Statutes against monopoly, when they thus seduce Calliope and Polyhymnia into their services. The example is contagious. We have before us a

most agreeable production,-

'THE YULE LOG,'

Being a Christmas Eve's Entertainment, after the Ancient Custom, by Thomas Wilson, Teacher of Dancing; author of the 'Danciad,' 'Quadrille Panorama,' 'Companion to the Ball-Room,' 'System of German and French Waltzing,' 'Ecossaise Instructor,' 'Analysis of Country Dancing,' and other various works on Dancing; also the 'Disappointed Authoress,' 'Plot against Plot, 'The Masquerade Rehearsal,' Double Wedding,' 'The Coronation,' Old Heads upon Young Shoulders,' and 'Aquatic Excursion.' If this be not taking Parnassus by storm, there is not a pluralist in the land. The pretension, too, of the work is great; and ought not to be thought lightly of, by us who have only one string to our bow. Mr. Wilson, also, has an unfair advantage over his brother authors. If the critics assail him he can take to his legs. Great are the experiments he would intro-He regrets that our Christmas amusements duce into literature. should be so little of the intellectual kind;—he scorns pudding and beef; and has no idea of mirth but the enactment of "appropriate pieces" at his rooms, 18, Kirby Street, Hatton Garden. Really we are envious of Mr. Wilson; and will not quote a line of his book.

But there are other poets to sing of Christmas, beside Mr. Wilson

and the Bellman.

'CHRISTMAS; A POEM. BY EDWARD MOXON,'

is dedicated to Charles Lamb, "as a token of the kindest regard."—Mr. Lamb, like all men of real genius, is simple-hearted and goodnatured, and we dare say will say kind things to the poet, (we hope he is young,) and commend the skill with which he talks of

Beef all sprigg'd with rosemary,

and Bethlehem, in the same breath. For ourselves, we commend him

to Mr. Charles Lamb's good-nature; for even his subject, smile-provoking as it is, will not begule us to commend such lines as

There coaches rattle by in glee, With hamper stow'd, and plump turkey.

Such talk about eating really makes us fancy this "chewing the cud of sweet and bitter thoughts," on a Christmas day, to be but "lenten fare." We derive no consolation, either, in our abstemiousness, from

' COMMENTS ON CORPULENCY,'

By William Wadd, Esq. F.L.S., Surgeon Extraordinary to the King, etc. etc. etc. This book is an absolute provocative to feeding. Look at the frontispiece—the happy, smiling, conceited, impudent humourist, —peering through his little grey-eyes, sunk three inches in fat, with the most knowing and laughter-provoking air in the world:—

See his corpus advances
His abdomen dances,
His smiles and his glances
Are pregnant with fun.—

There is only one living man as fat and as mirth-exciting; but cast your eye upon the contrast at p. 91—the moping, snarling, hypochondriacal, timid, miserable old-bachelor,—who never enjoyed a full meal, or a foolish pun, in his whole life; and who thinks the world made for mankind to be thin and sensible in. The ass! Abernethy, and the political economists have brought him to this plight; and not even Wadd can save him. Clearly this erudite and funny author is one of us. He is not to be despatched in a hurry; and we shall, therefore, lay him aside for a more lawful time. At Christmas he would kill us.

By way of leading us from illicit thoughts of this lower world,

and all its abominable seductions, which unfit us for that

Perpetual feast of nectar'd sweets, Where no crude surfeit reigns,

turn we to

'A TREATISE ON ZODIACAL PHYSIOGNOMY'

No. 1., by John Varley. This learned work was sent us by a comical friend, who admired our taste for astrology; and who sought to lead us from the error of our way in the matter of 'Francis Moore, Physician,' by this all-convincing tractate on the higher mysteries of the science. Let us meditate, with a mind open to the truth. Assuredly, we are half converted. It is almost "the witching time o' night;" our lamp burns dimly as we trace what planet was "lord of the ascendant" at the hour of our birth; and fearfully does our black cat peer into our face, till we could almost fancy he is as wise as Agrippa's dog. Truly, Mr. Varley, if you should drive us from our settled purpose of exterminating the successors of Raymond Lully, the world will lose a hero, and its regeneration is postponed to another century. And really, if ever man by the force of his eloquence-a force built upon the perfect sincerity of his convictions—could restore the good old days of astrological faith, that man is Mr. John Varley. As a painter, who does not recognise his talents? But what are common acquirements, such as the power of making the mimic landscape

glow with all the radiance of the noon-day sun, compared with the ability of reading the aspects of Saturn, or affirming whether Mars is in either of the houses of Venus. The prejudices of Reason would make us laugh at these things; but the seer speaks with a compelling voice,—and we are grave. Hear Mr. Varley, O fellow-scoffers!—"The apparent power of the various signs of the Zodiac in creating a great diversity in the features and complexions of the human race has long been as well established among inquiring people, as the operation of the moon on the tides."

You believe Newton, you believe La Place-and yet you doubt Mr.

Varley. Listen again :-

The circumstance most fortunate for proving the distinct and perfect division of one sign from another in the countenance and complexion of persons born under two signs, the one of which immediately precedes the other, is the fact of Sagittarius, the house of Jupiter, being the only sign (as I have found by my own experience) under which no persons are born having black or dark hair, eyes, and eyebrows, with the very rare exception of an occasional appearance of reflection of the sign Gemini, which gives a mild hazel-brown eye and hair, and sometimes a deficiency in the clearness of the complexion. I have almost uniformly found those born under Sagittarius to be very fair, with grey eyes; and in general of a lively, forgiving-hearted, and free disposition. And I have frequently detected mistakes in the time of birth given to me by the parties or their parents, by the complexion alone, where the parties being dark, and who were born under the latter degrees of Scorpio, or the early degrees of Capricorn (which latter is usually a very dark, melancholic sign) were at first almost positive that they were born at such a time as would cause Sagittarius to ascend: but the line of separation is so distinctly marked, that while the very last degree, minute, and second of Sagittarius rises, the party then born never has black eyes or hair; and when the very commencement of the first degree of Capricorn rises, the person is generally very dark, though this sign, as well as all the others, will occasionally give fair persons, by reflection of Cancer, its opposite sign.

Any one who can scoff at these things must, indeed, be far gone in scepticism. But there are even more wonders in the science. The "ascendant" presides over our remains ages after our bodies are crumbling in the dust; and thus, centuries hence, when one of Mr. Varley's paintings shall be rescued from the brokers and varnish-men, to be set amongst the Claudes and Wilsons of some gorgeous gallery, the lucky star of Varley will lead the connoisseur to the purchase of the gem, upon the same principle as the following less noble instances:—

Should a party of antiquaries, hundreds of years after a person's death, discover his grave, there must be some planet, or the sun, in conjunction, or some other aspect with his ascendant. For instance, when Hone, in his 'Every Day Book,' published Flamstead's horoscope for the instant that the first stone of Greenwich Observatory was laid, the moon's fortunate node was passing through the exact degree of the horoscope, on the day that the work was sent from the printer's. Again, when the coffin of Milton was sought for in the Chancel of Cripplegate church, a short time before the erection of his monument in 1737, the Herschel planet was passing over and near his ascendant. And it is a remarkable coincidence, that the Greenwich Observatory, having the same ascendant, Milton's Latin MSS. were translated and brought into notice, about the time that Flamstead's horoscope was published by Hone, viz. 17th deg. Sagittarius.

This is a work not to be lightly despatched, and we shall return to it upon the publication of Part II.

After Mr. Varley, we must be grave, and turn to sober criticism :-

'TRIALS OF LIFE.'

We have seen this work, which is by the author of 'De Lisle,' spoken of with unqualified praise in many quarters. We confess we are very much surprised at the praise not having been very strongly qualified. There is some talent displayed in the conception of one or two of the characters-that of Isabella Albany, in "Lord Amesfort's Family" especially, although it is not sufficiently worked out; and some of the minor sketches are, we think, clever. But beyond this, there is little to praise: the style is often very incorrect, which is a singular fault at

this time of day.

But there are far more serious objections than this. We cannot but regard the moral of both tales as exceedingly reprehensible. We are the farthest in the world from starting at any passing or casual freedom, or even license. That, certainly, is better avoided—but it does not give character to a work. Neither do we think, as some do, that guilt should never be represented. Far from it; duly treated, we even think its representation calculated often to effect great good. But the whole of the story of Lady Amesfort we think to be corrupt; and, above all, the event on which the main plot of the tale turns, is, from the circumstances under which it is represented, nothing short of revolting. Neither is Lord Amesfort described, as a man of his almost impossible selfishness, baseness, and cruelty should alone be spoken of.

The second tale is, we almost shudder to say, announced, by the author in a dedication, as fact; and the papers have been very liberal in assigning a real name to the heroine. If the narrative be, as the author says, "a mere effort of memory"—the story of Alicia's sister, as well as of Alicia's self, must be true; because Alicia's own destiny is ultimately fixed by the sister's conduct. The author dedicates the work to a living person, as having known the individual described under the name of Alicia. There must be, -if the identification be correct there are, -many living persons nearly connected with these parties. And is it to be suffered that private misfortune, even though accompanied by guilt, should be raked up after so short a lapse of time, to be held out for public entertainment in a novel? Is it to be suffered that the feelings of surviving friends should be thus wantonly exposed to pain? We know nothing of the writer of the work; we judge it from itself; and we cannot notice it without giving vent to an honest expression of disgust on this part of the subject.

In this story, likewise, the objectionable part of the plot is given in a very objectionable manner—though, in neither case, we must in justice

add, with any indelicacy of language.

Positively, not another word of direct censure shall escape our lips at this season of kindliness; -for we feel our hearts expanding with affection towards every living thing. What has put us into this anticritical humour—(no, not anti-critical, for praise is as much the duty of a critic as blame-)? The curtains have been drawn these two hours—the fire blazed as cheeringly when we first sat down to our vocation. We have it !—

'LEGENDS OF THE LAKES,'

by T. Crofton Croker, has destroyed, for an hour or so, all the bile in our disposition. It is not that the wit is more brilliant, the legends more amusing, than a hundred other books ;-but you feel at once in the society of a thoroughly good tempered man, when you sit down to a volume by Mr. Crofton Croker. There is nothing of the pettiness of authorship-none of the snarling at another's fame, or the howling over one's own neglect,-that make authorship such a hateful trade. There is none of that misanthropy which is put on as a cloak for ignorance and ill-nature; or of that pert dogmatism which stands, in the writer's own estimation, for logic and integrity. Here you may be amused without pretension;—and have your laughter tickled, without the follies of a bosom friend being laid bare to the world. Mr. Croker makes even folly amiable, by throwing over it the light of his unconquerable temper; and the only fear we could have about his legends would be, that they would make some of the saints and heroes, who are the subjects of them, really to seem like respectable gentlemen; when, in fact, the greater number of them were good-fornothing varlets. Hear how he tells a story about St. Patrick :-

"By the bye, Sir," said Spillane, "I believe there is a story, something about a great serpent, I think.—Do you know any thing of it, Picket?"

"The serpent is it?" said Picket in reply. "Sure, every body has hard tell of the blessed Saint Patrick, and how he druve the sarpints and all manner of venomous things out of Ireland—how he 'bothered all the varmint' entirely. But for all that, there was one ould sarpint left, who was too cunning to be talked out of the country, and made to drown himself. Saint Patrick didn't well know how to manage this fellow, who was doing great havoc, till at long last he bethought himself, and got a strong iron chest made, with nine boults upon it.

"So one fine morning he takes a walk to where the sarpint used to keep; and the sarpint, who didn't like the saint in the least (and small blame to him for that!) began to hiss and show his teeth at him like any thing. Oh,' says Saint Patrick, says he, 'where's the use of making such a piece of work about a gentleman like myself coming to see you? 'Tis a nice house I have got made for you, agin the winter; for I'm going to civilise the whole country, man and beast,' says he, 'and you can come and look at it whenever you please; and 'tis myself will be glad to see you.'

"The sarpint, hearing such smooth words, thought that though Saint Patrick had druve all the rest of the sarpints into the sea, he meant no harm to himself; so the sarpint walks fair and easy up to see him and the house he was speaking about. But when the sarpint saw the nine great boults upon the chest, he thought he was sould (betrayed), and was for making off with himself as fast as ever he could.

" 'Tis a nice warm house, you see,' says Saint Patrick, 'and 'tis a good friend I am to you.'

" 'I thank you kindly, Saint Patrick, for your civility,' says the sarpint, but I think it's too small it is for me'—meaning it for an excuse; and away he was going.

away he was going.
"'Toc small! says Saint Patrick; stop, if you please, says he, you're out in that, my boy, any how—I'm sure twill fit you completely. And I'll tell you what, says he, I'll bet you a gallon of porter, says he, that if you'll only try and get in, there'll be plenty of room for you.

"The sarpint was as thirsty as could be with his walk, and 'twas great joy to him, the thoughts of doing Saint Patrick out of the gallon of porter; so, swelling himself up as big as he could, in he got to the chest, all but a little bit of his tail. 'There now,' says he, 'I've won the gallon, for you see the house is too small for me, for I can't get in my tail:' when what does Saint Patrick do, but he comes behind the great heavy lid of the chest, and, putting his two hands to it, down he slaps it, with a bang like thunder. When the rogue of a sarpint saw the lid coming down, in went his tail like a shot, for fear of its being whipped off him, and Saint Patrick began at once to boult the nine iron boults.

"' Oh, murder !- won't you let me out, Saint Patrick?' says the sarpint-

'I've lost the bet fairly, and I'll pay you the gallon like a man.'
"' Let you out, my darling!' says Saint Patrick, 'to be sure I will—by all manner of means; but, you see, I haven't time now, so you must wait till to-morrow.' And so he took the iron chest, with the sarpint in it, and pitches it into the lake here, where it is to this hour, for certain; and 'tis the sarpint struggling down at the bottom that makes the waves upon it. Many is the living man," continued Picket, "besides myself, has hard the sarpint crying out, from within the chest under the water,—' Is it to-morrow yet? is it to-morrow yet?' which, to be sure, it can never be. And that's the way Saint Patrick settled the last of the sarpints, Sir."

Clearly, St. Patrick was a great rogue to beguile the sarpint after this fashion; and if he had belonged to the Jockey Club, instead of the Missionary Society, would have been taught a better version of the

laws of honour.

Mr. Leitch Ritchie, who writes

'TALES AND CONFESSIONS,'

is altogether a very different person from Mr. Croften Croker. He has more power; -but then a great deal of that power is employed without taste and discrimination; and what between the nature of his subjects, and his mode of treating them, you are apt, with almost every tale or confession, to hurl the book across the room, and look for relief at some of the clever wood-cuts of the 'Legends of Killarney' (of which we are glad thus to lug in a notice.) But then you take Mr. Ritchie's book up again, in spite of yourself;-for it is clearly a clever book. Our quarrel with it is this. He is perpetually straining after some topic of excitement, and generally contrives to light upon what is either very impossible, or very revolting. 'Skeleton Scenes,'-in which the interest turns upon a supposed murder, followed by a trial, a condemned cell, a gallows, and the supposed murdered man appearing to save his friend at the gallows' foot, will not do at this time of day. The scene and the era of this story are thus indicated:-"The heaps of grey stones that attract our attention by their precise mathematical figures, are mute, and the hammer and hammerer absent; the parched fields are deserted; the stage-coaches have ceased to fly, and the fly-vans to crawl."

We at once see that this is England in the nineteenth century. Now every one who is not desperately ignorant of the history of his country, and of the present administration of justice, must know that from the date of the "Camden Wonder," in the time of the Commonwealth, it has been an invariable rule of law, that no charge for murder can lie, without the body having previously been found. So far

for the false excitement of the impossible; and now for the revolting. With the exception of 'Sheelah's Dowry,' and two other stories, every tale turns upon some such excitements as are to be found in the 'Annals of Newgate;' and the 'Confessions of a Body-Snatcher,' for instance, which, we believe, has been very popular, goes far into those abominations, which make the blood curdle even more than those disgusting records of guilt and suffering. We think such matters have a tendency to deprave the mind, and give it a disrelish for sound and healthful emotions. Upon this principle we detest, even to loathing, the revolting details of such trials as Thurtell's and Corder's; and we therefore cannot avoid expressing our feelings when we behold a clever writer seeking for the superstructure of his fictions amongst such hideous exhibitions of human frailty. Happy are we to see that Mr. Ritchie is about to dedicate his talents to History; and we argue that his powers will be productive of real good to his fellow men, when they are disciplined by the study of facts, and directed to what is useful.

Now, we have, in spite of ourselves, written what Mr. Ritchie and

his friends will think censure. Plague on it-it is so.

The Editor's Room—the Editor's No-Room!—for here we are reduced, by all sorts of intruders, to a scurvy eight pages. We have to notice six new novels, three histories, and twenty-seven books for young persons—all of which must be postponed to a more convenient season.

A plague on this new partnership! Messieurs Fact and Fiction of the London Magazine, your unhappy minister is in a rare plight between you. He stands, like Garrick between Comedy and Tragedy, grinning and groaning;—smiling upon his new poetical contributors on the one hand, and raving at his long-winded interpreter of all the facts of all the journals of all the languages of Europe, on the other. And yet these new auxiliaries are men of metal: and this 'Journal of Facts,' with a little pruning and polishing, which will be acquired in time, will do the Magazine and the public good service.

Upon cool consideration, the Editor will, for once, forgive this intrusion upon his 'Room'—for it enables him to finish his last labours before midnight;—and to drink the healths of his dear readers on this good Christmas Day, without the fear of the Press before his eyes to

there are not referred that they british provided the state of the

poison his libations.

After all, we shall not "keep our Christmas in our Room."